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DECEMBER 1980 \$2.95

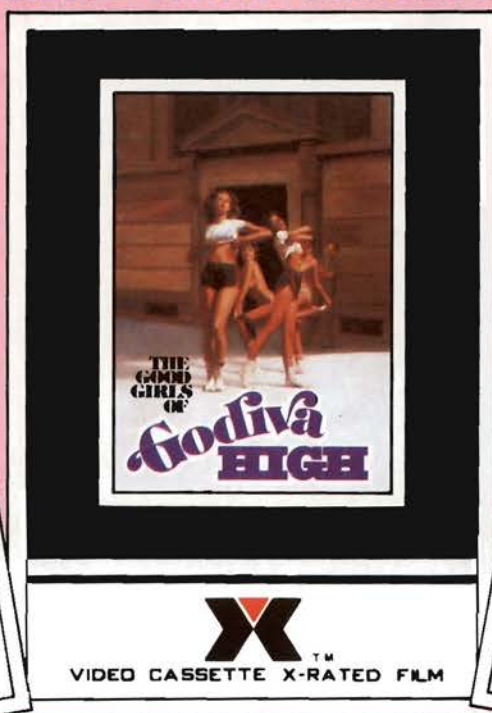
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5

**PUBLISHER'S
STATEMENT**

9

FEEDBACK

13

**WORLD NEWS
ROUNDUP**

15

ADVISE & CONSENT

19

BITS & PIECES

27

X-RATED REVIEWS

33

SEX PLAY

Oriental
Sex Secrets
by Jill Cofrancesco

36

HARE KRISHNAS

Religion, Weapons
and Wealth
Article by George Hill

42

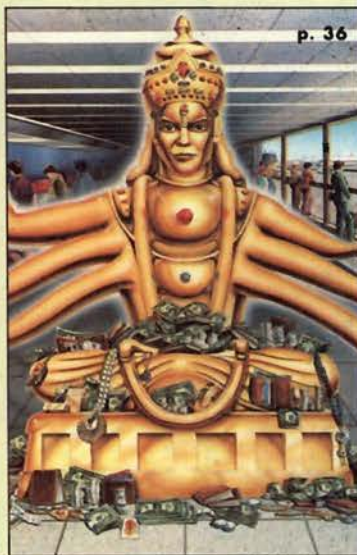
**QUEEN OF
THE NILE**

Photography
by Clive McLean

56

AL DAVIS

Pro Football's
Maverick Mastermind
Profile by Scott Winokur



61

**TIPI:
GOOD
AS GOLD**

Centerfold
Photography
by Suze Randall

72

HUSTLER HUMOR

75

**GRACE JONES
NUDE!**

Photography
by James Baes

80

**KELLY:
WARMING UP**

Photography
by Clive McLean

90

KILLING TIME

Fiction by Leigh Vance

94

**BREAKFAST
IN BED**

Photography
by Matti Klatt

105

BEAVER HUNT

Hot Flashers

113

KINKY KORNER

Toe Job
by Charles Horton

115

HONEY

Santa's Helpers
by Bruce Helford
and Tom Garst

119

**MAIL-ORDER
FEEDBACK**

Tips on Tapes



DECEMBER 1980 VOLUME 7 NUMBER 6



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HUSTLER DECEMBER 1980 VOLUME 7 NUMBER 6

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PUBLISHER'S STATEMENT



TV Censorship

One of the most absurd things about our society today is the continued ban on advertising contraceptives on TV. I simply can't believe that in this day and age condom commercials are not allowed on television. To me, such a ban is utter madness. And it's dangerous.

In a recent *Publisher's Statement* ("Sex Education," October), I expressed my alarm at the current high rate of unwanted teenage pregnancies. It's obvious that pure ignorance about sex and contraception is the main culprit. But what are the people who control the nation's most powerful medium of communication doing about it? They are making things worse by suppressing information!

I challenge anybody in the television industry to give me one good reason why rubbers should not be advertised on TV. They are an effective, inexpensive method of birth control. They present no health hazard, and this is more than can be said for a lot of products that are allowed to be advertised. In fact, condoms prevent the transmission of venereal disease.

But the National Association of Broadcasters—whose policies are followed voluntarily by most television stations—simply refuses to lift its ban on condom ads. Even when a few independent TV stations that do not subscribe to the NAB's "Code of Ethics" began running commercials for Trojan condoms a few years

ago—and received overwhelmingly positive responses—these stuffy repressors refused to give an inch.

What this amounts to is a violation of free speech, not to mention a restriction of fair trade. It makes a mockery of the people's right to know information important to their health. But worst of all, the NAB's stand perpetuates the dangerous myth that there is something "wrong" with rubbers. I'd like to know what's wrong with preventing VD and unwanted pregnancies.

The television industry today is a snake bed of hypocrisy. Television programs constantly send out sexual messages to kids and adults. Most of it is teasing titillation (like the jiggling breasts in *Charlie's Angels*) or snickering innuendo (like the silly lines in such shows as *The Dating Game*). But when it comes to honest, healthy information, the NAB puts its foot down and says "No!"

I think the broadcasters' refusal to accept ads for contraceptives is an irresponsible and hypocritical insult to the people they are supposed to serve. It's also just plain stupid.

*Publisher &
Chairman of the Board*

MELT AWAY INCHES!



**You Can
Lose
2-3
Inches
in
24 Hours!**

Trim Waist & Hips Scientifically Without Dieting!

That's right! If you had the SHRINK-WRAP System right now, you could lose 2-3 unwanted, unsightly inches from your waist and hips TODAY! 4-6 inches THIS WEEK! Imagine how wonderful you will feel watching those inches melt away... THAT FAST! How can we do it? It's really quite simple. Science has known about this principle for years. In fact, right now, professional and amateur athletes the world over are using it in their training programs. And many famous entertainers who have to trim down fast have relied on this basic method for a long time. Now, you can use your body's own heat to melt away inches in areas of specific fluid retention like the waist and hips.

No Glorified Girdle! No Flimsy Elastic!

The secret is quality. Quality in design and construction. Plastics and elastics are merely flimsy imitations. Girdles just squeeze it in. SHRINK WRAP takes it off... FAST! It's carefully constructed and cut to concentrate heat and MELT AWAY INCHES! You can use its iso-

COMPARE!!!

Shrink Wrap is stronger than other belts. It's reversible! Don't be fooled by pictures that look like Shrink Wrap but deliver something less. Get the real thing! ShrinkWrap!



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Yes, just one look at the distinctive pattern of our closed cell rubber and you know that you're getting the finest insulating rubber in the world!

metric effect to actually tighten loose muscle tissue. And this amazingly effective material is soft and washable, too. Along with our five minute exercise program, you have the amazing No Starvation SHRINK WRAP System. And, you can use it as often as you need it to keep those inches off. It's working right now for thousands of satisfied buyers and IT CAN BE WORKING FOR YOU IF YOU ORDER NOW!

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Melt Away Inches Or Don't Pay A Cent!

We will take the risks! Try the Super Action SHRINK-WRAP System for a full 30 days! If you aren't totally delighted just return it, no reason required, for a full refund of your purchase price! The risk is all ours, so order NOW and start losing inches... FAST!

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The spirit of giving is a big part of the upcoming holiday season. It's a time when many charitable organizations stop us on the streets and knock on our doors to ask for contributions. A lot of them are worthy causes. But some of them are outright phonies preying on the generosity of unsuspecting people.

One religious sect that obtains millions of dollars from a year-round unethical begging operation is now dangerously amassing even more money, having moved into some very profitable illegal activities. **GEORGE HILL** takes a look at the **HARE KRISHNAS: RELIGION, WEAPONS AND WEALTH**. Hill, a veteran California journalist, has written about unorthodox religious cults before in the pages of **HUSTLER**. In our March issue he exposed the *Family of Love: Religious Sex Cult*, a group that uses sex to lure new members and donations.

To provide the art for the Krishna article, we turned to **JOHN ANDREWS**, whose work appears frequently in the pages of **HUSTLER**, **CHIC** and **GENTLEMAN'S COMPANION**. Andrews's paintings were recently shown in the "Illustrator's West" exhibition in Los Angeles, which featured some of the best illustrative work on the West Coast.

Empire-building is hardly limited to religious groups. **SCOTT WINOKUR** profiles **AL DAVIS: PRO FOOTBALL'S MAVERICK MASTERMIND**, whose unstoppable ambition and drive have turned the Oakland Raiders into a powerhouse team worth millions. An Oakland-based newspaper reporter, Winokur has previously written for several national publications—including *Crawdaddy* and *Fusion*—as well as **HUSTLER**. In our June issue he explored a fascinating psychic phenomenon in his article *Past-Lives Therapy*:



Cover by Matti Klatt

Have You Lived Before? The Al Davis illustration was produced by another Los Angeles-based artist, **ROGER BERGENDORFF**.


The haunting past lives of a TV executive play a big role in this month's fiction, **KILLING TIME**. The author, **LEIGH VANCE**, is a screenwriter and producer with some 25 motion pictures to his credit, including *The Frightened City* (starring Sean Connery) and *The Black Windmill* (featuring Michael Caine). In 1969 Vance moved to Hollywood from England and concentrated his creative efforts on television, writing numerous made-for-TV movies and producing such series as *Baretta* and *Switch*. In addition, he has written many scripts for those programs. Vance won the Edgar Allen Poe Award for the best mystery-and-suspense play on TV ("Woman in the Dark") and is a former president of the International Writers Guild.

The companion artwork was rendered by New York-based artist **ALEX EBEL**, whose illustrations have often appeared in **HUSTLER**. Ebel's work will be presented in a new quarterly series of art books, *New American Illustrator* (Anacanda Publishing), available early in 1981.

Making her debut appearance in **HUSTLER** this month is disco superstar **GRACE JONES**, in an exclusive nude photo-feature. This singer and international sex goddess has thrilled audiences worldwide with her wild, animal sensuality. And these never-before-published photographs, shot by **HUSTLER** Contributing Photographer **JAMES BAES**, show every bit of Grace's six-foot splendor.

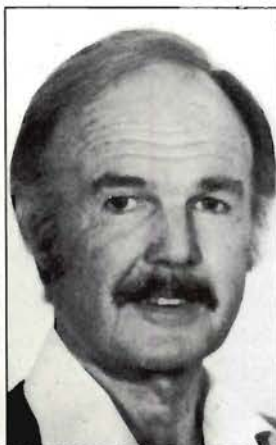
Baes, a native of France whose photos have been featured in *Playmen* (Italy), *Lui* (France), *Oui* and the French edition of *Playboy*, was one of Europe's most prominent photographers when Larry Flynt invited him to come to America in 1976. He has worked for **HUSTLER** and **CHIC** ever since.

The people of the Far East have been perfecting the art of lovemaking for thousands of years, and this month's *Sex Play* reveals some of their contributions in **ORIENTAL SEX SECRETS**. Author **JILL COFRANCESCO**, whose writing credits include several television shows, began studying the subject of Oriental sex techniques, positions and devices after reading a translation of an ancient erotic Chinese novel. For the artwork we called on **BOB BISHOP**, a regular contributor to both **HUSTLER** and **CHIC**.

This is the time of year when most of us are frantically rushing around, preparing for the upcoming holidays. If your energy and spirits are in need of a little recharging, relax and take a breather from it all with December's **HUSTLER**. 



Scott Winokur



Leigh Vance



Alex Ebel



Jill Cofrancesco



Bob Bishop

Doctor Discovers Method Of Regaining Lost Hair

People worldwide are raving about a special hair treatment formula, Bio-Prima II.TM Absolutely fantastic results have been attained by people

throughout the U.S. and Europe using Bio-Prima II to stimulate the revival of dormant hair roots!

Hundreds upon hundreds of men (and women) who were losing their hair have flocked to an expensive treatment center where specially trained personnel apply similar treatments to the scalp to get their hair to grow lush and full once again.

Now, you can do it for yourself right at home for hundreds of dollars less. With the same results. With Bio-Prima II lotion.



sive hair fall out and regrowing new hair in bald or thinning areas.

And Bio-Prima II is tremendously successful in other countries too! Thirty-two coun-

tries around the world now have patents pending for this remarkable formulation. And it is presently being marketed in England, Italy, Austria, France, the Scandinavian countries, Brazil, Germany and Japan.

A Doctor Discovered Bio-Prima II Lotion's Secret But You Don't Need A Doctor to Use It.

Now, you have the opportunity to re-grow your hair! All you do is gently massage a small amount of Bio-Prima II lotion into your scalp once every evening and leave it on overnight. In the morning, simply shampoo with



Bio-Prima II Brings Life to Dormant Roots

Doctors theorize that hair stops growing for many reasons.

But for nearly forty years, doctors and dermatologists alike have linked baldness to the presence of androgens (male hormones) in the scalp. A by-product of these male hormones called DHT was found to produce conditions that caused the hair follicle to gradually deteriorate and become "plugged up" with old residual hair and other extraneous matter. Hence, hair growth is affected. With the application of Bio-Prima II, hair follicles are cleared of growth-choking debris while germinating cells are stimulated. But more importantly, Bio-Prima II's special action revives dormant hair follicles, making for the growth of new hair!



Bio-Prima II special shampoo — no other shampoo will work quite as well with Bio-Prima II lotion.

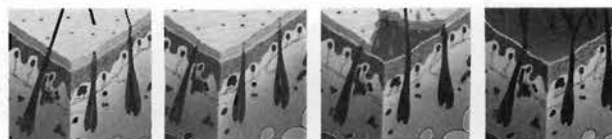
If you're balding or losing more hair than you should, Bio-Prima II is exactly what you need! It's tomorrow's hair restoration here today! It's Bio-Prima II, backed by science and research.

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Extensive Medical Research Proves Bio-Prima II Works

Tests on the formulation were conducted at the University of Helsinki Medical Department in Finland by two preeminent research specialists who just happened to discover the most potent treatment for baldness ever.

In two separate studies, each nine months long, Bio-Prima II achieved astounding results! In one study, there was an 80% success rate in stopping exces-



Sebum matter in the scalp can make normal, healthy hair follicles (left) begin to shrivel and atrophy (right).

Continued buildup of sebum can choke and weaken hair follicle. As a result, hair fallout can occur.

BIO-PRIMA II applied to scalp revives dormant hair follicles — shriveled, unhealthy hair is now being forced out by new hair growth.

After treatment with BIO-PRIMA II, notice normal hair growth pattern and healthy, revitalized hair follicles.

Order your Bio-Prima IITM Today!

(631) 1 oz. liquid \$24.95

(634) 2 oz. liquid \$44.95

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Just call toll free

1-800-228-2606

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Pink Pamela: Your October center-fold Honey, *Pamela: In the Pink* (top photo), was one luscious lady. I'd run my tongue along her beautiful pink slit any day of the week.

—Name and Address
Withheld by Request

Feeding Our Own: The October issue of HUSTLER contained a cartoon by George Trosley (center) that I felt made a very important and intelligent statement. It depicted three hungry American children watching a TV commercial for CARE that showed a starving child in Asia. I'd like to see this cartoon posted on billboards across the country, in hopes that our government and citizens will open their eyes and realize there are people at home who need help too. After our own people are fed, then feed the rest of the world. —Mrs. Panter
Fresno, California

Girl Talk: I'd just like to say that your October issue was fantastic. *Ballgame: The Nurse and the Jock* (bottom photo) was subject to my intense scrutiny; hasn't that big-titted redhead been in HUSTLER's pages before? She's great!

—Tom Mullins
Mesa, Arizona

She's actress Lisa DeLeeue, who you probably remember from our March photo-feature Red on Red.

Erin: Beaver Hunt Winner (September) was absolutely beautiful; she has the prettiest pink cunt I have ever seen. I would really love to see Erin in a photo-feature with another woman.

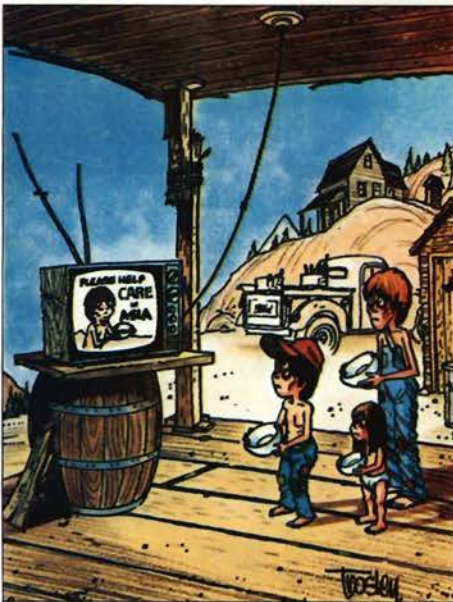
—Stanley Griffin
Nashville, Tennessee

That flea-bitten bag of dead maggots you picked (*Erin: Beaver Hunt Winner*, September) was really raunchy. She was the ugliest cunt since your last *Beaver Hunt Winner*, *Madeleine*, in the May issue of HUSTLER. What's wrong with you guys? You must have had your hands on your pricks when you picked this one.

—B. P.
Bennington, Vermont

I am currently in the Army, stationed at Fort Knox, and I'd just like to let you know that seeing Robin from Phoenix, Arizona, in *Beaver Hunt* (September) was the highlight of my four-year enlistment. She's been a vision of beauty in my drab world of tanks and heavy artillery. Keep up the good work, HUSTLER.

—Private Rick Paulin
Fort Knox, Kentucky



Flynt's Views: I'm writing to comment on the *Publisher's Statement* "Sex Education" (October), in which Larry Flynt discussed teenage pregnancy and ignorance about sex. I've been a nudist for 27 years and have never heard about children raised in nudism getting into trouble with the law or experiencing unwanted pregnancies. Their parents seem to have their values in proper perspective, and they have their heads on their shoulders instead of in their pants.

—Charles Schultz
Houston, Texas

This letter was prompted by the *Publisher's Statement* on "Kiddie Porn" (September). It's obvious that Larry Flynt doesn't know what he's talking about. Children are a heck of a lot smarter about sexual matters than Larry Flynt thinks. They enjoy sex as much as adults do.

—Name and Address
Withheld by Request

In the *Publisher's Statement* on "Kiddie Porn" (September), Larry Flynt said HUSTLER wouldn't print photos of underaged models, because children aren't mature enough to make decisions about posing for sexually explicit magazines. Does the kid who models underwear for the Sears catalog suffer "serious emotional damage"? Are kids who spend six hours a day in boredom factories like our schools to justify someone's fat salary being exploited? Are children raised on candy and junk food being abused? Is HUSTLER disguising cowardice as discretion?

—Name and Address
Withheld by Request

Education and nutrition are not the issues, but your point appears to be that since children are exploited and abused in other ways, why not exploit and abuse them in kiddie porn? Such sick logic escapes us.

Your magazine is so fucked up, it makes me sick. The *Publisher's Statement* "There's More Than Sex" (August) claimed that "tough investigative reporting, candid profiles of important people and editorial comment on social issues are as much a part of HUSTLER as the photo-spreads."

Bullshit. HUSTLER is just another illicit sex magazine contributing to the destruction of the United States. All doomed societies have shown a preoccupation with sex before their downfall. Of course, HUSTLER is entertaining; sex always is. But it's like putting candy in front of a child. While it is greatly

desired and much fun, it will also do great damage. —Name and Address Withheld by Request

The notion that open attitudes about sexuality indicate an immoral, hedonistic society on the verge of collapse is pure nonsense. Your letter is strong evidence that sexual repression, not sex, is what causes great damage to people.

Because of HUSTLER Magazine, there has been an increase in sex crimes, immorality, perversions and homosexuality since your first issue in 1974. Larry Flynt has done nothing more than show the world that one can be a Christian and a sinner at the same time. As your readers burn in hell for looking at HUSTLER, Larry Flynt presumably plans to save himself by repenting for his sins. But God hates pornographers, and that is what Larry Flynt and the editors of HUSTLER are.

—Name and Address Withheld by Request

I'm writing to say that I really look forward each month to reading Larry Flynt's *Publisher's Statement*. I agree with each one and with what he is trying to do—to get the truth past a lot of sickies

and do-gooders who are misleading an entire country. —Winford Lester Bluefield, West Virginia

Asshole Comments: Congratulations on your selection of Eldridge Cleaver as October's Asshole of the Month. I have only one question: What took you so long? Because he tried to justify the rape of white women in his book *Soul on Ice*, Cleaver has deserved the title for a long time. And this is the opinion of a black man. —Name and Address Withheld by Request

I'm sure that your designation of Dwaine B. Tinsley as Asshole of the Month in the September issue was intended to be very funny. Unfortunately, most of what you said was true. I have subscribed to HUSTLER for several years in spite of your cartoons. I'd like to congratulate you on losing Tinsley as Humor & Cartoon Editor, and suggest that you also stop running his cartoons. While you're at it, stop running all the other shit-and-snot cartoons, and find some editors who can recognize good humor. —Name and Address Withheld by Request

Bad Taste of Honey: My only com-

plaint about your October issue was that in *Honey* you made fun of the ill-fated attempt to rescue the hostages in Iran. I know all about freedom of the press and your right to publish what you want, but we lost some good men in that mission, and poking fun at it was in bad taste.

We do need a better military. I've been in the Air Force for seven years, and although we have some very professional people, only a few are staying in. Perhaps HUSTLER should print something about the military's point of view. If we all want to continue enjoying our freedoms, we need to do something about ensuring our security and avoiding any more problems like Iran.

—Staff Sergeant J. Percivalle Dyess Air Force Base, Texas

We were not poking fun at the rescue attempt, but rather at a government that could not mount a successful mission. Furthermore, one of the functions of criticism, whether straightforward or satirical, is to effect changes for the better. If no one criticized the government or made fun of it, there would be no pressure on the people responsible to ensure that things like this don't happen again.

FDA Botch-up: I was both impressed and disappointed with *Death by Bureaucracy: Red Tape Can Kill You* (September). Author Tom Nesi obviously did his homework, but I feel this subject deserves the efforts of a whole team of reporters.

The Food and Drug Administration has botched up in more ways than Nesi covered. One of the most alarming episodes took place several years ago, when the government removed all the cranberries from grocery shelves because it was thought that they had been sprayed with a carcinogen. Before it was discovered that someone had his chemistry mixed up, the supposedly poisoned cranberries had already been distributed to people on welfare! Luckily, no one was harmed, but it was a potential disaster. —John Jensen Brookings, Oregon

Ecology Buff: I was introduced to HUSTLER about a year ago by a neighbor, and I've been buying it ever since. I've found the articles very interesting, and I'd like to suggest that you publish more on ecology. Perhaps if more people respected Mother Earth, there would be less abuse of people as well as of the land. If more people respected what is natural, they would have healthier bodies, minds and sex lives! —Jerry Kirwan Bronx, New York

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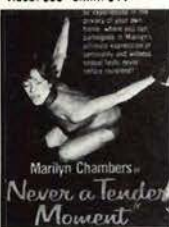
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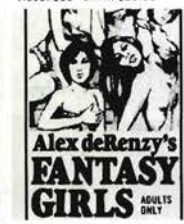
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H12

tember issue of HUSTLER made my heart ache for those poor children on the verge of starving to death. Personally, I am ashamed that I take so much for granted when these children are suffering every day.

Thank you for finding a place for them in your magazine. I intend to make a donation to the Hunger Project, and I hope that others will do the same.

—Name and Address

Withheld by Request

In September you ran a public-service ad entitled "Gasoline and Alcohol Don't Mix." The ad made me absolutely sick to my stomach, and I'm writing to tell you that I will *never* buy your magazine again. It's great to advise against drinking and driving, but not with a full-page photo of an accident victim's mutilated body. You guys need to have your heads examined.

—Joan Martin

Jacksonville, Florida

There's a lot of truth to the saying that one picture is worth a thousand words. Visual communication is as valid as print communication, and is frequently more powerful. To actually see an accident victim is to understand exactly what you risk when you get behind the wheel of a car after drinking. Alcohol plays a part in more than 50% of all deaths resulting from motor-vehicle acci-

dents. It's not a pleasant ad because it's not a pleasant subject.

Minority Opinions: In the *Feedback* section of your September issue some asshole wrote a letter ("Black Flak") objecting to interracial sex. Nothing pisses me off more than some shallow-minded nitwit putting his brains on paper. Am I supposed to believe that if he met some willing sweet brown sugar, he wouldn't dip his wick or give it a lick? Personally, I feel that dicks are completely color-blind.

—William C. Hicks

Chicago, Illinois

In the September *Feedback* column some redneck named Tim Gonder reflected the general attitude of most white male Houstonians in his letter about interracial sex. Tim sounds very jealous, and I fear he may be a firebug who wears silly-looking white sheets. He sounds as dumb as the black stud who inspired so much controversy in your June *Feedback* with his letter about black men being better lovers. I am a black male, and I hope HUSTLER continues printing all its black, white, brown and yellow combinations. I love all pussy as long as it doesn't have teeth and bite!

—Ben Coleman

Houston, Texas

I'm writing to comment on all the letters in *Feedback* about interracial sex, particularly the letters from white men who are so envious of black guys simply because they supposedly have bigger cocks. I'm a white woman who was always told to stay away from black men because they don't treat their women well. I found out, however, that black guys are beyond a doubt the best lovers in the world. It's no myth—almost every black guy I've balled has been like a bull. The saying "Once you go black, you never go back" is really true. I've been called a lot of names by white bigots, but white women who have never balled a black guy don't know what fucking is.

—Mandy

Spokane, Washington

We think your exclusive preference for black men is a form of prejudice. By involving yourself with men of only one race, you are missing out on the variety that life has to offer.

Nude Stars: I live in Hollywood and have always had an interest in its stars; so I really enjoyed *Hollywood Drops Its Pants* (July). Let's see more nude celebrities in HUSTLER—especially Tinseltown's ladies.

—L. R.

Los Angeles, California

Don't miss our exclusive nude photographs of disco star Grace Jones this month, beginning on page 75. And you'll be happy to know that we've got some more celebrity surprises planned for upcoming issues.

Look Good: I'm a successful New York City call girl, and I enjoy reading HUSTLER. Some women may find it objectionable, but probably because they feel inadequate when comparing themselves to your lovely models. Looks *do* make a difference in sexual attraction. Men and women should both stop fighting that notion and do what it takes to look good.

—Name and Address

Withheld by Request

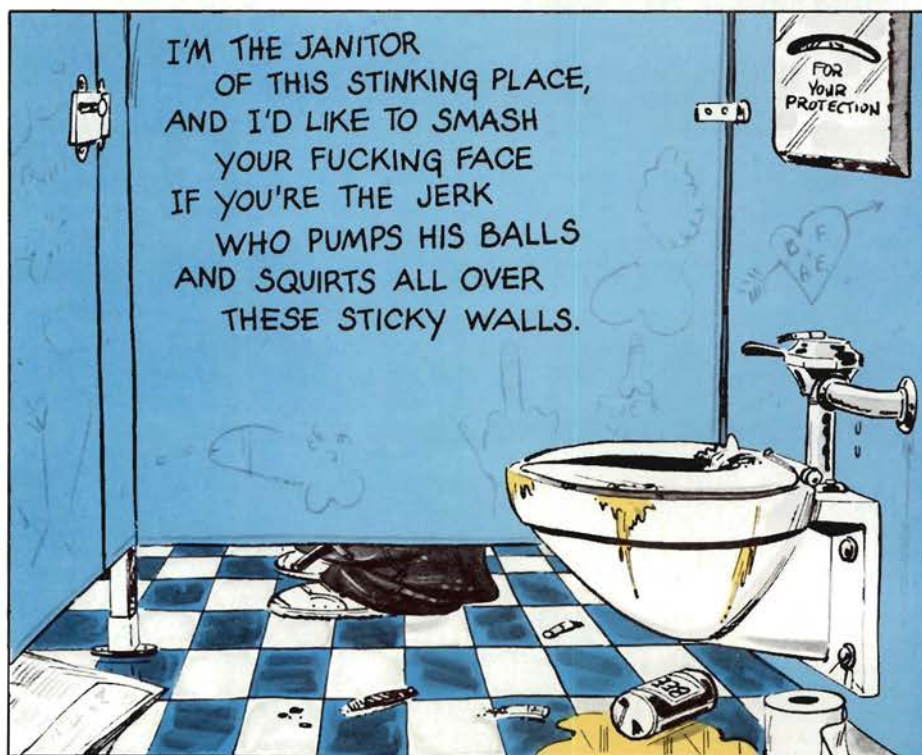
Stevie & Bo: I find it hard to believe that Stevie Wonder and Bo Derek are one and the same, as you asserted in *Bits & Pieces* (September). If they are, I'd like to know the name of the doctor who performed the sex-and-race-change surgery on Stevie Wonder.

—Name and Address

Withheld by Request

We find it hard to believe you thought that humor item—in which Stevie Wonder and Bo Derek were both shown in the same beaded-and-braided hairstyle—might be true. For the record, Stevie Wonder is not Bo Derek. Any idiot could have figured it out; Bo isn't blind.

GRAFFILTHY



THANX AND \$25 TO J.G., SANTA CRUZ, CA.

World News Roundup

2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067

The Jewish madam of a San Francisco bordello has been sentenced to 90 days in a nunnery. Marlene Baldwin pleaded no contest in court to a charge of pandering. Although the maximum penalty for the charge is three years in prison, Superior Court Judge Daniel Hanlon instead placed the woman under the "care, custody and control" of the Convent of the Good Shepherd. Convent Sister Mary Jane said Baldwin would be expected to hold a respectable job and be "accountable for all of her time."

Semen that is ejaculated into the vagina may aid in preventing breast cancer, according to a medical researcher at the University of Pennsylvania. In a study of 300 married women, Dr. Arne Gjorgov found that women whose husbands used rubbers (which trap the semen) had a five-times-greater chance of developing breast cancer than women who used other methods of birth control, in which seminal fluid is not prevented from entering the vagina. Gjorgov says that semen may play an important role in maintaining hormonal balance in women's bodies, thereby helping to prevent breast cancer.


Incidents of torture and sexual misconduct have been reported by children who went to a camp for disadvantaged youths run by the city of Philadelphia. Many children who returned home from two-week stays at Camp William Penn in Pennsylvania's Pocono Mountains complained that counselors allowed older campers to force younger ones into sexual relations. Other complaints were that counselors beat the youngsters with plastic baseball bats and kitchen utensils, used their teeth to tear out children's hair, and forced the campers to stand nude in the sun.

When the kids wrote to their parents about the beatings and other mistreatments they experienced, counselors allegedly tore up the letters. Thirteen counselors and the camp director have been suspended pending an investigation of the charges.

The manufacturer of a commercial female contraceptive is attempting to change the code of ethics that prohibits advertising such products on national television. American Home Products Corporation is trying to convince the National Association of Broadcasters to allow the airing of ads for the contraceptive Semicid, a vaginal suppository. Currently the ads are being shown on a few local TV stations that do not subscribe to the code. The company once broke new ground in advertising by bringing to television its Preparation H hemorrhoid-treatment ads.

The active ingredient THC contained in marijuana can prevent female baboons from becoming pregnant. Doctors at Israel's Ichilove Hospital claim the THC inhibits ovulation. After being given the pot extract orally for a 30-day period, the female baboons tested by the hospital were protected against conception for 60 days by the THC. The test results were thought to be significant because the female baboon's anatomical and hormonal structure is similar to that of the human female.

Fifty-five percent of the women who were polled in a recent magazine survey said they had made love during their lunch hour on at least one occasion, and 10% said they had experienced an incestuous relationship. Other results from the survey, which appeared in the September issue of "Cosmopolitan," revealed that 47% had made love to more than one man in a single day, that 21% had had a lesbian encounter and that 69% said they had slept with a man on the first date. Of the married women who were polled, 54% said they had experienced at least one extramarital affair. The survey drew responses from 106,000 women ranging from under 18 years old to middle age.

Twelve pimps were convicted in Paris of torturing, enslaving and sexually abusing their prostitutes, after a trial that French newspapers dubbed the "Great Prostitute Revolt." One woman accused her pimp of beating and drugging her, and claimed that she was once forced to have sex with some 60 men at a construction site. The pimps received sentences ranging from a suspended 18-month term to ten years in prison, and were ordered to pay the five women a total of \$187,500 in damages. The landmark case was the first in which French prostitutes agreed to testify against their pimps. 

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Advise & Consent is a column that answers a wide range of reader-submitted questions on sexual hang-ups, physical and mental hygiene, personal safety, legal rights, etc. It is solely an educational feature and is not intended to replace the advice of a physician or attorney. If you have a question, address your correspondence to: **HUSTLER, Advise & Consent Editor**, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067.

Edited by Stephanie Ross

Breast-Reduction Surgery: I am a 57-year-old father with a problem. My wife died two years ago, and I've been raising our daughter, who's now 15. For a year or so she has been begging me to take her to a doctor who does breast-reduction operations. Her breasts are immense and a source of a lot of embarrassment to her. I am worried about the operation doing her permanent damage. What do you recommend? —B. B. Anchorage, Alaska

The best thing to do is to make an appointment with a plastic surgeon. Ask the nearest branch of the American Medical Association for a recommendation. The surgeon can tell you whether or not breast reduction is necessary for your daughter's physical and mental health at this time.

Doctors John M. and Marcia Goin—clinical professors of surgery and psychiatry, respectively, at the University of Southern California School of Medicine—say: "Adolescent girls with greatly enlarged breasts are almost always teased mercilessly. Depending on the individual's sensitivity, this usually leads to psychological problems, which may be of surprising severity." They add, "There is generalized discomfort from the size and weight of the cumbersome breasts." These doctors report that in addition to the psychological problems, having large breasts (medically referred to as mammary hypertrophy or macromastia) can cause poor posture and neck and back pain.

According to the Goins, breast reduction is a major operation that may take as long as four to five hours to perform. Possible complications from this surgery include hemorrhaging, infection and abscesses. It can also result in some skin loss and possible nipple loss. However, the doctors point out, "The great majority of... patients are not only relieved of physical discomfort but experience sustained psychological improvement."

Alcohol and Sex: Why does alcohol seem to increase my sex drive? Is it really an aphrodisiac? I am a 22-year-old guy who sometimes clams up around women, but booze always makes me horny and brave. Why is this? —S. A. Lake Tahoe, Nevada

Alcohol is an aphrodisiac only to the extent that it suppresses inhibitions and therefore makes social and sexual situations seem easier to handle. One opinion is that alcohol accomplishes this because it interferes with nerve-cell transmission. But in doing so, it can also have the effect in males of making an erection difficult or impossible.

In fact, most alcoholics suffer from chronic impotence. Recent studies have shown that heavy alcohol consumption reduces the production of the male sex hormone testosterone and its concentration in the bloodstream. One month of heavy drinking can reduce a man's testosterone level by half. It is believed that this is why chronic male alcoholics tend to lose body hair, gain weight around the breasts and buttocks and acquire other "feminine" characteristics.

This is not to say that a little alcohol will do any harm. Studies have shown that one or two mixed drinks or glasses of wine will increase sexual arousal and produce a more pleasurable orgasm by lowering sexual inhibitions. However, too much alcohol before sex can make it difficult for a man to achieve an erection and for a woman to reach orgasm.

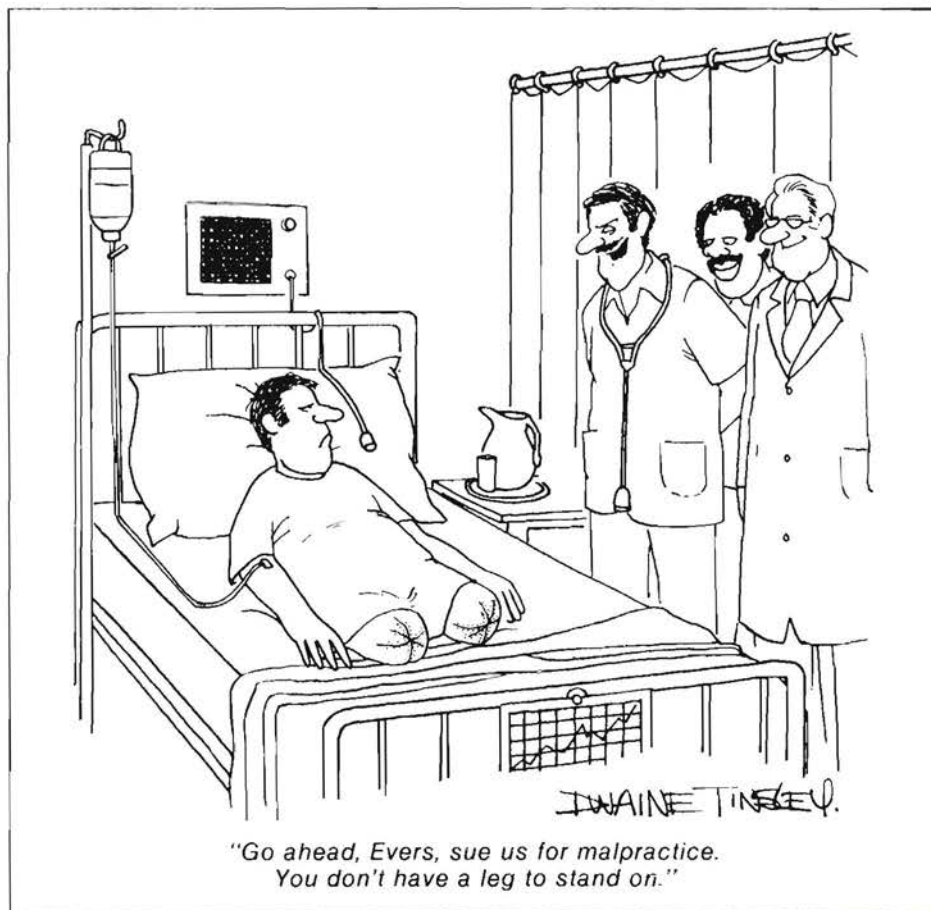
Male Orgasms: I am 18 years old, and my boyfriend is 23. We've been going together for ten months, and we have sex at least every other day. Nearly ev-

ery time we make love, I have an orgasm. But my boyfriend has never had an orgasm with me, and he says he's never had one with any other lover. What can we do about this? —E. S. La Porte, Indiana

Your boyfriend should first go to a urologist or an andrologist (a doctor who specializes in male sexual disorders) to find out if there are any physical reasons for his inability to experience orgasm. If there is nothing wrong with him physiologically, the cause of his problem can probably be attributed to psychological factors (such as sexual inhibitions). In this case a qualified sex therapist can help him.

Some men who suffer from such inhibitions climax during masturbation or while dreaming at night, but not when they're with a partner. If this is your boyfriend's problem, sex therapy can help him to experience orgasm. A man's partner may be advised to bring him to orgasm manually. Sex researchers Masters and Johnson suggest that the woman stimulate the man this way until ejaculation is imminent. Then he should enter her, in order to experience orgasm with his penis inside her vagina.

Your boyfriend should be aware that orgasm and ejaculation are two separate functions, and the inability to experience one or both may be caused by either physical or psychological factors. If he is not ejaculating



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during intercourse in addition to not experiencing orgasm, these recommended exercises should help with that problem too, provided there are no physical causes.

Niece and Uncle: I am a 25-year-old male. My ten-year-old niece and I have been playing "You touch mine and I'll touch yours" for about a year. Recently, however, she has been asking me to eat her out. How can I convince her to play only the same old game? —B. C.
Boston, Massachusetts

What you are doing is potentially very dangerous—psychologically and physically—to your niece, and you should stop playing any kind of sexual games with her. Although you may think them "harmless" now because she is willing and you are not engaging in intercourse, these encounters are likely to have a profound long-range effect on the girl's attitudes and feelings about sex. From a physical standpoint, if you were to get carried away and attempt intercourse (which is very likely), your penis could cause damage to her developing vagina.

Sexual abuse of children does not refer only to forced relations. It also means taking advantage of a child's curiosity about sex to fulfill one's own psychologically unhealthy desires. We suggest that you seek professional counseling.

Sex and Stress: My husband had an old (December 1976) issue of HUSTLER laying around, which I picked up and read recently. It contained an article about how sex can relieve stress. My problem is that sex causes stress for me. My husband likes it, and I don't. —J. P.
Los Angeles, California

There is no reason to deprive yourself of one of the greatest pleasures life has to offer. Find a sex therapist who can help you discover why you don't like sex. It's true that sex relieves stress and that it's one of the best tranquilizers in the world. In your own best interests, and most likely those of your husband as well, seek professional help and make an effort to work out this problem.

Few or Most? I am a 19-year-old guy who masturbates frequently; as a matter of fact, I've been doing it since I was 13. But there's something I've always wanted to know about masturbation: Do most people beat off, or only a few? —M. W.
Saranac Lake, New York

You're not alone. Dr. Alfred Kinsey's statistics showed that 82% of all boys and 20% of all girls masturbate by the age of 15. Manfred F. DeMartino's book *Human Autoerotic Practices* (Human Sciences Press) reported that, from all studies conducted to date, it can safely be assumed that masturba-

tion is a part of the lives of more than 90% of all males and 70% of all females by the time they are 25 years old.

Not Good Enough: I've been married for a year, and I haven't been able to make my wife have an orgasm. She enjoys sex, and she tells me that it feels good to her—but obviously it's not good enough. What can I do about this? I'm really afraid that it is jeopardizing our marriage. —N. H. S.
Longview, Texas

You can't make your wife have an orgasm (that's her responsibility), but you can help her to achieve one. For a start, read HUSTLER's September Sex Play, "The Female Orgasm." It will answer a number of relevant questions for both of you.

The female orgasm is centered in the clitoris—the tiny buttonlike sex organ located at the upper junction of the vaginal lips. Because of its location slightly away from the vaginal opening, stimulation of this organ during intercourse is frequently not adequate to produce orgasm. This is why foreplay and using a variety of sex positions are important factors in helping a woman to reach climax.

If your wife is unable to masturbate to orgasm, the problem is not one that you are likely to solve simply by being more creative in your lovemaking. If that is the case, you may want to seek the services of a qualified sex therapist.

Too Old? I am a 51-year-old guy who wants to know if it's unhealthy to engage in cunnilingus at my age. My girlfriend is 60, and she says it isn't healthy to eat a cunt or suck a cock at our ages. Is this true? —M. B.
Green Bay, Wisconsin

It is not unhealthy to eat a cunt or suck a cock at any age. The only time to abstain is if you have a venereal disease or genital infection. Age is no reason to stop participating in oral sex unless you've lost your desire for it. Evidently, your girlfriend got her information from an unreliable source. Ask her to read this, and perhaps she'll get back to enjoying a highly pleasurable form of sexual activity.

Generous Trucker: I've been a long-distance trucker for 23 years. I have been happily married for 21 years, and have three wonderful children.

Earlier in my marriage I was so jealous that it nearly broke up our relationship. My own sexual appetite didn't measure up to my wife's, and because of my job, I was away from home a lot. My wife never went out on me, but she was grouchy and miserable all the time.

About seven years ago I started let-

ting her fuck other men—provided that I knew in advance who each one was and that she asked for my okay first. We enjoy sex when we're together, and our marriage and family life are great. Our arrangement hasn't been a problem for us so far, but I'm wondering what you think about all this.

—V. H.
Logan, West Virginia

Two people who have greatly different sex drives and lifestyles may find it difficult to keep their relationship going for an extended period of time. Jealousy or sexual frustration often results in one of the partners splitting. You and your wife seem to have found a way for both of you to have what you want, although your particular solution probably wouldn't work out so well for most people. Seven years of successful open marriage indicates it has worked for you and your wife.

Sex Object: I am a 25-year-old woman of black and Italian descent, and I am attracted to men of all races and nationalities. Black men, however, treat me like a sex object; they just want to "lay the beautiful sister." White men frequently offer me money, which I don't understand, because I'm a certified lab technician who makes a good living.

Being treated like this by men I date has really made me feel insecure. I end up masturbating alone rather than put up with this bullshit. I hope you can offer me some advice.

—S. S.
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

If you want to change the way men treat you, begin by taking a look at the way you relate to them. If your dates treat you like a sex object, you are probably acting like one. Try to analyze yourself and the verbal and nonverbal messages you're sending out.

It would be a good idea to discuss your problem with a male friend or relative. Perhaps he'll be able to give you a male perspective on the way you come across to men.

Eating His Own: I would like to know if there is anything morally or physically wrong with a guy eating his own cum out of his mate's vagina. I figure if she can swallow my load, why can't I?

—R. J. O.
St. Louis, Missouri

There is nothing physically wrong with what you are doing, although most men probably have a psychological resistance to swallowing their own semen. As long as you and your partner are free from infection, ingesting your cum from her vaginal area will not harm you. If this is a sexual activity you both enjoy, there's no reason to feel guilty. However, if you do begin to worry about it, psychological problems may arise out of your guilt or moral concerns.



THIS MONTH IN CHIC

DECEMBER ISSUE ON SALE NOW



CHEMICAL NIGHTMARE IN A SMALL TOWN—Some of America's big industrial firms dispose of their toxic chemical waste by dumping the stuff where neighborhoods later appear, condemning thousands of people to slow deaths. Because our government has failed to recognize the seriousness of this problem, the Tennessee community of Frayser is starting to look like a leper colony. Chemical-littering may be just another term for cold-blooded murder.

HASSAN DURRANI: THE TIE SALESMAN WHO WOULD BE KING—There is a mysterious tie salesman in New York City who has proclaimed himself Afghanistan's king-in-exile. Hassan Durrani claims that 250,000 rebels are pledged to fight for him and that he can supply the arms they need. His chief ally is a crafty soldier of fortune who can provide the technical assistance needed to fight the Russians. Hassan's next move may be a warm-up for World War III.

MILLION \$ IDEAS—If you're an amateur Tom Edison, take heart! The next contraption you build in the basement could turn into a million-dollar patent. Scott Cohen shows how great ideas—like the Monopoly game and the Pet Rock—were transformed into products that made their inventors filthy rich.

STROKES—In CHIC's December fiction an art instructor is faced with a dilemma that most men would envy: How do you satisfy your girlfriend, your ex-girlfriend and your wife—while staying out of trouble? His exciting sexual solution to the problem may give you some ideas of your own. The hottest fiction ever from the consistently hot Pepper Parrish.

PLUS—The most provocative lineup of ladies for Christmas you've ever seen, the visual insane asylum of ODDS & ENDS, a sexual hotline of ads in CLASSIFIED FOR SWINGERS, and some startling-but-true news flashes in NEWS REAL. And don't miss the interview with one of porn's most fiery actresses as she lets her hair down in CLOSE-UP.

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Bits & Pieces

Tom Landry, the steel-eyed, chisel-jawed head coach of the Dallas Cowboys, has been responsible for winning more than 172 pro-football games, five conference championships, two Super Bowls—and an obscenity trial.

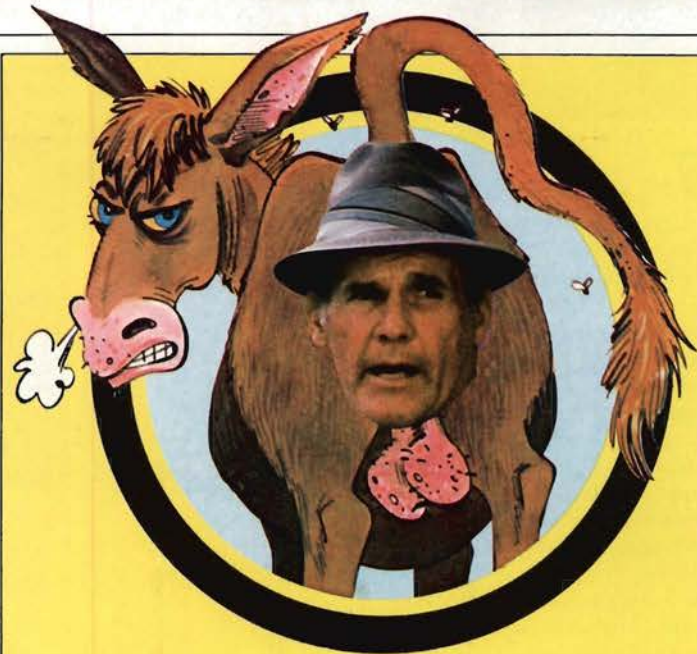
An obscenity trial? Why was Tom Landry, a man who has devoted his entire adult life to football, involved in an obscenity trial? He was helping the courts decide that sexually explicit films are obscene. He was helping Dallas, Texas, decide what its residents should and shouldn't see. And he was helping the editors of *HUSTLER* decide who was going to be December's Asshole of the Month—Tom Landry.

It all started when some poor clerk in a Dallas adult-bookstore was arrested for recommending a particular 25¢ coin-operated "peep show" to an undercover police officer. The cop saw the film, seized it and charged the clerk with "commercial obscenity." The "peep show" in question reportedly contained scenes of sexual intercourse and oral sex.

At the trial the prosecuting attorney called Tom Landry as an "expert" witness, asking him to view the film and assess it. The ex-bomber pilot found the viewing difficult for his sensitive system. When asked by the prosecutor to verify that he had seen the film at the request of the court, he said, "Unfortunately, I did. I had to watch the whole thing too."

But having done his duty, Landry was ready to pass judgment. The courtroom hushed when the coach was asked what most Dallas residents would think of the movie. He responded, "I think their opinion would be the same as mine—that it was obscene."

What gives Tom Landry the right to determine what the people of Dallas can read or see? Where would a football coach get the idea that he can



ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH Tom Landry

decide the standards of the community in which he lives? Not surprisingly, the sheeplike jurors followed Landry's lead. Heavily influenced by Texas's most popular football hero, they took only 35 minutes to return a guilty verdict. The clerk was given the maximum sentence—six months in jail and a \$1,000 fine.

The real abomination in this is that Landry was presented as an "expert" witness on obscenity and community standards even though he has no background in either field. Americans idolize their sports heroes, and value their opinions. Landry's use of his celebrity status to decide what his neighbors are allowed to see

is a disgusting abuse of his fans' trust and adoration.

During the trial Landry showed a despicable lack of respect for the defendant's Constitutional rights and the American theory of justice. Apparently he wants to eliminate the right to a fair trial. In court he said, "I was amazed [the film] was being tried—that we would be wasting our time determining the obscenity of it. There is no question about it."

Maybe a football coach can be a dictator and say what's right or wrong for his men. The players sign a contract and agree to abide by his rules. But no one man can play judge, jury and executioner in a system that guarantees every citizen

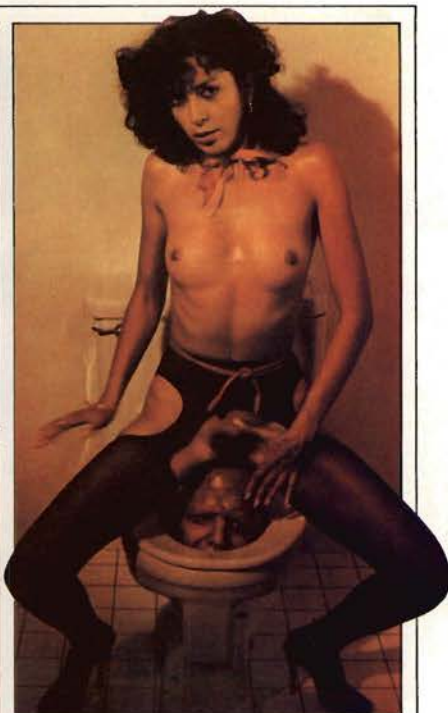
the right to a fair trial by an impartial jury. The citizens of Dallas have given no one that power... least of all, Tom Landry.

Perhaps we should have expected this attitude from a man who speaks out against "the humanism that is creeping into our society, and hedonism—the philosophy that you should do whatever feels good to you, which I think is a bad philosophy." Short of hurting someone, *HUSTLER* sees no reason not to do whatever feels good to you. It's Landry's kind of repression that causes mixed-up, frustrated individuals to act violently.

It's also not too surprising to find out that he's a hypocrite. After testifying, Landry said he had agreed to do so because pornography is "very much a concern of mine... I think that any chance we have to fight against it, we've got to do it."

If Landry is so against things that appeal directly to a man's sexual interests, why did his team start the trend of busty, scantily clad, rear-end-shaking pom-pom girls with the creation of the Dallas Cowboy Cheerleaders? Let's face it—they're nothing but a tits-and-ass show cleaned up for television. And how about that sexy, best-selling poster of the cheerleaders? That grade-A stroke material was approved by, and reportedly brought in plenty of royalty bucks for, the Cowboy organization.

Some people say that football is replacing baseball as the Great American Sport. But Tom Landry will not replace the Great American Spirit of Freedom with his own heavy-handed, repressive morality. He's known for his emotionless stone face, but has confided that at the beginning of each new battle he is "scared to death." Then he adds that "as long as I stay on edge, I might make the correct decision." This time, Tom, it looks like you went over the edge.



Video Fantasy

The most popular criticism of porn flicks is that they lack sophistication. So directors try to overcome that criticism by burdening an erotic film with unnecessary plot, dialogue and unsexy scenes.

These stills are from a videocassette that doesn't have those problems. *Wet Dreams* is an example of excellent cinematography and fine production values used entirely to enhance the eroticism of each moment. The story line centers on a young girl's dreams, in which she lives out her wildest fantasies. Falling asleep after she masturbates, Suzie Spazz drifts into a series of dreamlike sequences, including a lesbian fantasy, a domination fantasy . . . in short, something for everyone.

The highlight of the film has to be Suzie's remarkable display of vaginal muscle-control. The camera lingers on her cunt as it opens and closes in wondrously spastic pulsations that you have to see to believe. Combine these pluses with three hot, new female faces and bodies, and you've got the perfect stocking-stuffer for your favorite adult video connoisseur.

Wet Dreams is available *only* through mail-order, and you can get it for \$79.95 from Red-Head Video (1201 North Crescent Heights Boulevard, Suite 107, Los Angeles, California 90046). Its toll-free number is 800-824-7888. California residents, please call 800-852-7777. With either number, ask for Operator 111.



4th Annual Adult-Film Awards

Every year the Adult Film Association of America takes its stab at respectability and puts on an Oscar-type awards ceremony. And every year it's dull. Even the Patsys—awards given to the best animal actors—must be more exciting. The porn stars who plodded on and off the stage were as boring as speakers at the Republican convention.

But HUSTLER's and CHIC's editors stayed to see these awards given: Best Actress—Samantha Fox (*Jack 'n Jill*); Best Ac-

tor—Jamie Gillis (*Ecstasy Girls*); Best Supporting Actress—Georgina Spelvin (*Ecstasy Girls*); Best Supporting Actor—Bobby Astyr (*People*); Best Musical Score—

Ronni Romanovitch (*Ecstasy Girls*); and Best Movie—*Babylon Pink*.

We were there the full evening, despite fighting with the waiters to

get our meals and listening to an endless array of dull speeches. To borrow a phrase from our movie reviews, we rated the experience "totally limp."



A Miss Piggy look-alike hams it up for the smut crowd, while an anti-porn demonstrator pickets the AFAA awards show.

Back Issues



This Swedish postcard was sent in by a reader who thought we'd be impressed by the cleverness of the photo. What's so clever? We know a lot of asses who can read!

For more information on how to obtain this postcard, write to Upside Ab Lill-Jans Plan 2, 114 25, Stockholm, Sweden.

Grandma, What a Big Cock You Have!

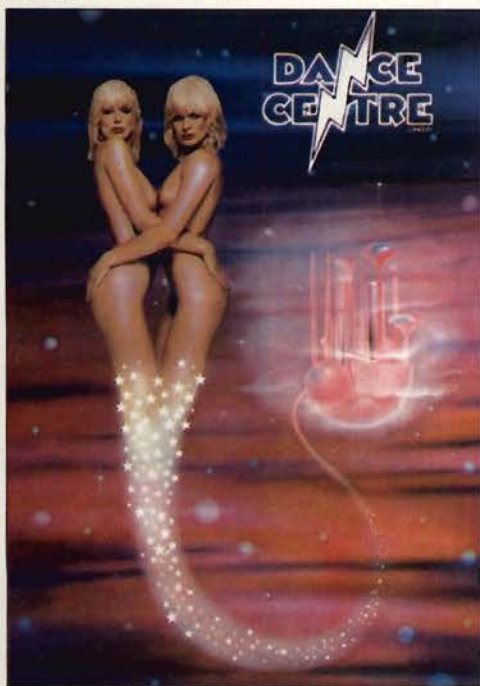
Here's the incredible Sulka, one of the rare new species known as she-males. She-males describe themselves as men who have had their breasts enlarged through hormone shots or plastic surgery but leave their genitals as they are. This growing phenomenon looks like a small step for a man, but a giant leap for confusion in pickup bars.

For more of these bizarre creatures, check out the February '81 issue of CHIC. It will feature a layout of these ballsy babes at play.



Toe to Toe

Would you believe this is an ad for clothing? That's right; Dance Centre (1114 Floral Street, London, England WC2E 9DH) is a British-based clothing company that specializes in women's dancewear. But this poster gives the impression they're selling tits and ass. And when you consider that the vast majority of their customers are women, this ad really misses the mark. Using sex to sell your product is one thing, but forgetting to mention the product is just plain bad business.



Pipe Dreams



Sucking at a pipe takes on new meaning with these erotic pipes from Blue Dreams, Inc. (P.O. Box 69420, Los Angeles, California 90069). They're perfect as a Christmas gift or for sharing a bowlful of your favorite blend with that special someone. The girl-mounted-on-a-cock pipe sells for \$14.95, and the others are \$11.95 each. The full set of four pipes is only \$39.95—a considerable savings. You can call the company's toll-free number (800-528-6050, Extension 1477), if you prefer. Put *that* in your pipe and fuck it!

Shop at Home

If this scene seems like something out of an Avon Lady's fantasy, you may not be aware of the efforts of a former high-school teacher in Columbia, Maryland.

Helen Wermuth, an ex-English teacher, has already held three in-home parties to sell sex paraphernalia. According to news reports, her sales range from \$10 to \$50 per partygoer, with only about 10% of those attending not making a purchase.

"It's an educational presentation," says Wermuth. And as you can see from our version of the presentation, the lessons can be very penetrating.



HUSTLER'S Swinging Produce Section

The classifieds where fruits and vegetables can find others who share their sexual preferences.



EAT ME!

Chubby carrot looking to be devoured. Also into golden showers. I'm waiting to be your a la carte. Wife watches and takes photos. Bill, c/o One Life Health Food Grill, Santa Cruz, California.



TRANS-VEGETABLE

Almost done! Leaving carrots behind, I want a loving onion who'll understand my unusual situation. No fruits please. Christine, P.O. Box 171, Benson, Arizona.



S&M CARROT

Slice me, dice me, chop me, hurt me... I love it all. Young, no roots and hung like a turnip. Bob, Bin 5, Aisle 3, Secaucus A&P, New Jersey.



BEEFSTEAK TOMATO

Wet and wild. I'm searching for a vegetable who can handle a big one. If you're still green, don't bother. Tom, P.O. Box 8970, Intercorres, Pennsylvania.



OUTDOORS COUPLE

Fun-loving couple desires to meet other woody types for group photosynthesis. Can't travel. No dogs please. Carol and Dave, P.O. Box 111, Yellowstone Park, Wyoming.



SUN-KISSED MISS

I'm a warm, affectionate fruit who'll give a sucker an even break. My moist opening is waiting for your tongue. Need long, loving attention to my citrus clit. Anita, P.O. Box 65745, Downers Grove, Illinois.



Original Sinners

Sometimes we wonder if there aren't more swingers' magazines than there are swingers. The adult newsstands are bulging with mags filled with page after page of Midwestern housewives looking for generous bisexual couples. But *The Sinners*, published by the Rio-Camino Corporation (P.O. Box 3497, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19122) is a bit different. The requests may be the same, but the photos are more explicit.

This is a hard-core swingers'-classified book, which means no black magic-marker over the guy's cock as it enters any given opening. They've also spiced it up with a few articles and some attractive illustrations, to make it more readable than the standard nothing-but-classifieds format. It's going up to a hefty \$7.50 an issue, but if you're into swinging, this might be right up your vine.

Say "AAHHHH"

Could this be the infamous Black Hole of Calcutta? Or the long-hidden mouth of the Amazon? Would you believe the Grand Canyon?

No, it's just a picture of some cunt that one of our thoughtful *Bits & Pieces* contributors felt we might be interested in seeing. We took one look at this cavern and decided it would be a big mistake to go into the subject any deeper.



Chicken Broth-el

There's always the danger that you'll end

up with an overstuffed, badly dressed old hen at a brothel. But when the madam of this house assured the guy that all her girls were spring chickens, she wasn't lying.



Opening Ceremonies



These photos were taken by a HUSTLER reader at the grand opening of The Pleasure Chest's new L.A. location (7733 Santa Monica Boulevard, Los Angeles, California 90046). Widely known as a general store for sex toys, the shop also specializes in S&M paraphernalia for the kinkier members of the gay community. This is one store that doesn't mind hurting for business.

A mail-order catalog is available for \$6 from Pleasure Chest Sales, Ltd. (20 West 20th Street, New York, New York 10011). Include with your request a signed statement that you are over 21 years of age.



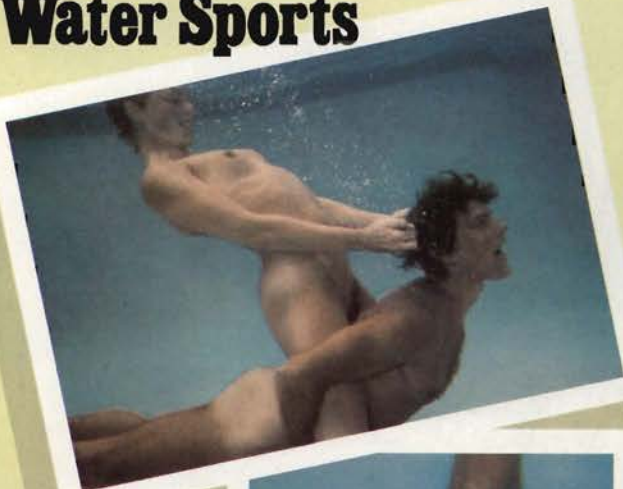
Hard Labor

The October 1979 issue of the *American Journal of Obstetrics and Gynecology* contained a report on a true hermaphrodite (a person with both male and female sex organs) who gave birth. This was the third such hermaphroditic pregnancy ever recorded in medical history.

Although the *Journal* claims that this person was sexually active as a man for most of his life, it was a short time after trying the role of a woman that he became pregnant.

Maybe someone told him to go fuck himself?

Water Sports



Robert Reiff, a photographer who contributes to both *HUSTLER* and *CHIC*, told us he'd gotten in pretty deep to produce these cards. First we thought he'd put out a lot of money; now we see what he really meant. The cards are \$1 each plus postage from Grand Graphics (306 Grand Boulevard, Venice, California 90291).

Breast Enlargement

Ever wonder what a nipple looks like to an ant? Well, contributor Clay Geerdes thought we did... so he sent us this photo. Next time pull the camera back a few feet, okay?



Funny Business

This cover of *The Bulletin* (54 Park Street, Box 4088, Sydney, Australia) was sent in by a reader who questioned the business magazine's choice of a cover photo. The headline says the cover story is about the effect of the drought on the Australian economy. Come on, now—who do those Aussies think they're kidding? We know what that farmer is really up to. We weren't born yesterday, y'know.



How to Save Your Ass

Inflation catch you with your pants down? Here's a way to save money when you find yourself in that position. It's called "The Save Your Buns Bank," and it's \$12 (plus \$2 for shipping) from NEICO (555 Pier Avenue, Suite 7, Hermosa Beach, California 90254). Remember—saving through the ass is better than paying through the nose.



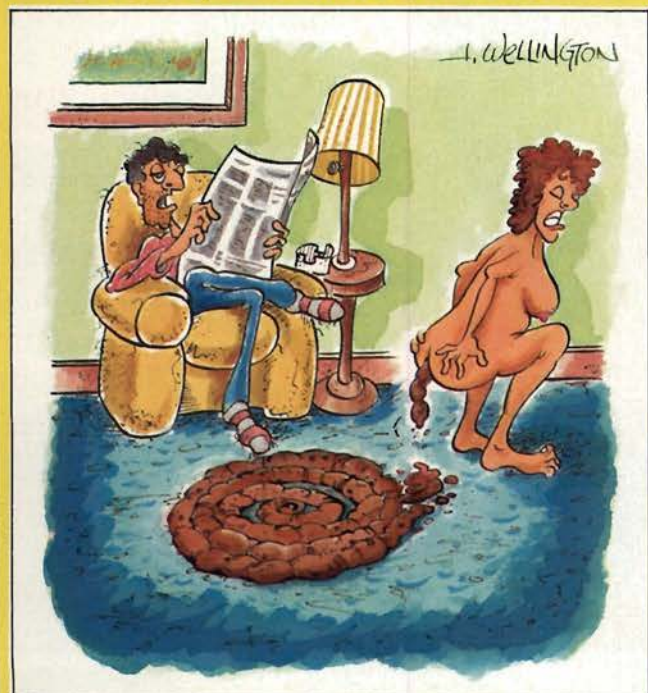
What a Boar!

Some people will do anything to

get their face into *Bits & Pieces*. Just look at what this crazy prankster did. He cut off his wife's head.



Most Tasteless Cartoon



"For heaven's sake, dear, why don't you try knitting a rug like everyone else?!"

Richard Pryor Candle

We were as concerned about the comedian's welfare as everybody else. We even lit a candle for him.



HUSTLER Update



NUCLEAR DISASTERS April '80

In September we reported in this column that the Nu-

clear Regulatory Commission had approved procedures for the release of radiation from the Three Mile Island nuclear reactor so that workmen could safely enter and clean it up.

Now the first case of worker contamination has occurred. Harold Froese, overcome by heat during the cleanup operation, was rushed to a nearby hospital, still garbed in protective clothing. When doctors removed the special suit, some of the radioactive material on its surface rubbed off on Froese's leg. He was released after the material was reportedly washed off.

DEATH BY BUREAU-CRACY

September '80

In our article on the way in which red tape slows down medical advancements in this country, we noted the controversy over the inflammation-relieving "miracle drug" DMSO. The government has held back total approval of its use pending a time-consuming investigation.

Since then, the drug's advocates have been publicly defending it. Before a Senate subcommittee, former Oakland Raider quarterback Daryle Lamonia claimed relief within an hour of swabbing a badly swollen thumb with DMSO. Senator Edward Kennedy (Dem.-Massachusetts), who headed the subcommittee, blasted the Food and Drug Administration for not expediting a definitive review of evidence on the drug.



Contributors *HUSTLER* pays \$150 for interesting stories and visuals for *Bits & Pieces*. We buy all rights to material accepted for publication, but we will return art on request (enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope). For November, \$150 and thanks to Frances Caro, Clay Geerdes, Karen Shapiro and R. F. Wheeler.

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EROTIC FILMS

Edited by Jeffrey Ressler

Millions of adults watch X-rated movies every week; yet the straight media have constantly ignored the obvious need to educate the public as to which films are rip-offs and which aren't. *HUSTLER's* reviews of hard-core erotic films have long been regarded as the yardstick of the industry. We take this function seriously, and we will continue to keep you abreast of the latest adult-film releases, and also do our best to spur porn producers on to better and better productions.

Fascination

Produced by Chuck Vincent; directed by Larry Revene; written by Chuck Vincent and Jimmy James; starring Ron Jeremy, Samantha Fox, Candida Royalle, Eric Edwards, Merle Michaels, Christi Ford, Marlene Wiloughby, Sharon Mitchel, Tracy Adams and Arcadia.

Fascination tells the story of Eddie Gordon (Ron Jeremy), a horny loser who can't find the girl of his dreams. This hilarious movie depicts Eddie's adventures as he follows the step-by-step instructions in a book on how to pick up girls.

The film opens with Eddie moving from his mother's house into a bachelor pad that he's designed specifically to help him score. But his every attempt to be a womanizer fails disastrously, resulting in some outrageously funny escapades.

His first big date is with a married woman (Arcadia) whose husband catches them balling. Eddie's other less-than-perfect encounters include an easy lay (Merle Michaels) who chatters incessantly while fucking, and a finicky little blonde (Christi Ford) who makes him perform just like her old boyfriend, down to the last moan. Just when all hope seems lost, though, Eddie meets a lovely and obliging next-door neighbor (Tracy Adams).

Every performance in *Fasci-*



Sharon Mitchel takes a licking from Ron Jeremy in 'Fascination.'

This hard-on rating guide is based on a quality-for-your-money formula. However, since many X-rated films are censored to conform to "local community standards," the movies we review here might not be exactly the version you see. Therefore we suggest you check with your theater to make sure that you are getting the real thing.

RATING GUIDE



ERECTION

A constant turn-on. If this won't get it up, you may be dead.



THREE-QUARTERS ERECT

Worthwhile. Almost gets it up. But it can still be beat.



HALF ERECT

So-so. Probably get it up with a little help from your fist.



ONE-QUARTER ERECT

A poor turn-on. Just might get it up if you used a crane.



TOTALLY LIMP

A turn-off. This one couldn't get it up if you used a crane.

nation is fabulous, and director Larry Revene manages to maximize the erotic impact of each humorous scene. Revene also did the photography for this film, and his cinematic skill provides the viewer with the clearest, hottest close-up action possible. The editing, lighting, costumes and other technical aspects of the movie are excellent as well.

Special credit should be given to Ron Jeremy, who carries off the part of Eddie so well that it seems like the role was written especially for him. Jeremy has had small parts in dozens of X-rated films over the past few years, and in *Fascination* he finally gets a chance to prove his worth. Gifted with considerable acting talent, he deserves more leading roles in adult flicks. —Manny Neuhaus

Platinum Paradise

Produced, directed and written by Cecil Howard; starring Kandi Barbour, Vanessa Del Rio, Samantha Fox, Merle Michaels, Eric Edwards, Hillary Summers and Bobby Astyr.

Platinum Paradise is a series of stories about a group of sexually adventurous strangers who are inadvertently matched up by a telephone-answering service. Sensationally erotic, the film features a bevy of hard-core stars and some wild plot twists.

Cecil Howard's picture contains what may be the hottest sex scene of the year. It begins when a professional stud (Eric Edwards) gets a garbled phone message from his answering service and goes off to meet his client. Due to a case of mistaken identity, the stud picks up a hooker (played with verve by Vanessa Del Rio).

Since they both believe that they're with a new "customer," the stud and the hooker screw with professionally exaggerated passion. Later, instead of giving the stud a blowjob, Del Rio kneels down by his stiff prick and begins talking to it sensuously. She describes how his cock will feel between her wet lips and how her tongue will make it quiver with ecstasy.


After a few minutes of this dirty talk the stud shoots his load without his dick even being touched!

There are several other steamy scenes throughout *Platinum Paradise* that you won't want to miss. For example, a ballet instructor and his young student are frantic to make love, and instead of undressing, they cut open their leotards at the crotch. During another spicy interlude a model (Samantha Fox) goes down on her lesbian lover before going to work in the morning.

A fine editing job keeps these various sexual episodes interwoven into a titillating, well-integrated film. All the stars give highly believable performances, and the story moves along at a fast clip. For these reasons *Platinum Paradise* is easily one of 1980's best erotic films. It's guaranteed to make a lasting impression on the porn industry—and on its audiences.

—M. N.

The Pink Ladies

 Produced by Robert Michaels; directed and written by Richard Mahler; starring Samantha Fox, Kandi Barbour, Robin Byrd,



Kandi Barbour gets some good vibrations in 'Platinum Paradise,' one of 1980's most electrifying films.

Christine DeShaffer, Vanessa Del Rio, Richard Bolla, Michael Gaunt, Jessie Adams and Alan "Spike" Adrian.

A sophisticated, stylish film, *The Pink Ladies* reveals the sexual fantasies of four frustrated housewives and their husbands. The movie contains several dazzling fuck scenes well worth the price of admission, and they more than make up for the simple, predictable premise.

The film begins with the four housewives playing racquetball and discussing their erotic daydreams. As they talk about their fantasies, each woman's special dream is depicted on the screen. One of them (Robin Byrd) is gang-banged at a circus, and another (Kandi Barbour) is shown as a hooker in an old-fashioned whorehouse. Then, following the wives' sequences, their husbands' sexy

daydreams are vividly portrayed.

In addition to the hefty quantity of hard-core footage in the film, *The Pink Ladies* has some excellent nonsex scenes. One of these ingenious segments shows the four housewives sitting in adjoining toilet stalls and discussing their plans for a wild night out on the town. As each woman speaks, the camera focuses on her legs, showing panties draped around her ankles.

The Pink Ladies features some of the raunchiest sex ever filmed, and every member of the cast delivers a commendable performance. The technical aspects of the movie are top-notch. All of the hard-core scenes are imaginative and arousing, and a number of the nonsex sequences are incredibly funny. But after a while the long cuts to the fantasy segments become rather boring and tedious.


If you're out for a good diversion, go see *The Pink Ladies*. You'll really be turned on by the sex and the starlets... but don't expect too much from the story.

—M. N.



Wild sex scenes abound in 'The Pink Ladies', a film about the erotic fantasies of four women and their mates.

Vista Valley P.T.A.

 Produced by Bernardo Spinelli; directed and written by Anthony Spinelli; starring Jessie St. James, Jamie Gillis, John



'Vista Valley P.T.A.' features a horny duo, Dorothy LeMay and Richard Pacheco, shifting into overdrive.

Leslie, Dorothy LeMay, Kay Parker, Juliet Anderson, Jeanne Nordrup and Richard Pacheco.

A twisted tale of sex in a small American town, *Vista Valley P.T.A.* is the type of skin flick that disgusts more than it arouses. Although technically well-crafted, the film's sensationalism of rape and incest serves only to dilute the plot.

Jesie St. James portrays a beautiful teacher who becomes the "special school administrator" at Vista Valley High School. Her job is to help stop a wave of rapes and beatings that has plagued the school. During a meeting she seriously discusses the problem with her students' parents. While she is speaking, however, the parents are busy daydreaming about having sex with their children. These incestuous confrontations are depicted in a series of fantasy sequences.

In *Vista Valley P.T.A.*'s most shocking scene an obnoxious student (Richard Pacheco) rapes St. James. At first she resists the pupil's lusty attack, but she soon begins to enjoy the ravaging and gives in willingly to his demands. Meanwhile, the boy's father is lurking nearby, photographing all the action. Using these photos as blackmail, the father forces St. James to ball him and three of his friends. Following this vicious

gang-bang, she leaves Vista Valley in disgrace.

The film was directed by one of the grand masters of adult films, Anthony Spinelli. Spinelli is usually a dynamite director, and every movie he's done in the past has drawn rave reviews from *HUSTLER*. This movie does feature admirable camera-

work, editing and acting. Despite its technical quality, though, the story deals heavily-handedly with the subjects of rape and incest. In fact, in only a few scenes do people fuck by mutual consent. *Vista Valley P.T.A.* offers a view of sexuality with limited appeal.

—M. N.



Jesie St. James gets all she can eat in 'Vista Valley P.T.A.'

ON THE CIRCUIT

This column lists and rates erotic films reviewed in past issues of *HUSTLER*. The films named below may currently be showing at a theater in your neighborhood.

Erection

Bon Appetit
Dracula Exotica
Education of the Baroness
Fantasy
For the Love of Pleasure
Her Name Was Lisa
Sensational Janine
Talk Dirty to Me
The Budding of Brie

Three-Quarters Erect

Blonde in Black Silk
Caligula
Coed Fever
F (Dream Girl of F)
Frat House
Insatiable
Kate and the Indians
Ms. Magnificent
October Silk
Pink Champagne
Plato's—The Movie
Secrets of a Willing Wife
Sizzle
Tangerine
Tigresses—and Other
Maneaters
Ultra Flesh

Half Erect

Chopstix
Double Your Pleasure
Female Athletes
Fulfilling Young Cups
Hot Legs
John Holmes, Superstar
Olympic Fever
Robins Nest
Screwple
The Girls of Mr. X
The Pleasure Shoppe
Two Sisters

One-Quarter Erect

Dracula Sucks
Inside Desiree Cousteau
Mystique

Totally Limp

Carnal Highways
Honey Throat
I Am Always Ready
Three Ripening Cherries

BOOKS

Reviewed by
Theodore Sturgeon

Let There Be Neon

By Rudi Stern; Harry N. Abrams, Inc., Publishers, 110 East 59th Street, New York, New York 10022; \$8.95

Big and bright enough to make your eyes pop out of their sockets, this work is the ultimate study of neon art. In fact, *Let There Be Neon* is really like three books in one.

First, it's a sparkling coffee-table book that's fantastic to browse through. Exploding lights, colors and designs are presented on nearly every page. Not only does the book feature a collection of inventive commercial neon signs, but also it shows new uses of neon in architecture, furniture and sculpture.

Besides the exciting visuals in *Let There Be Neon*, Rudi Stern includes an intriguing history of the craft. The narra-

tive explores various stages in the development of neon art, starting with the discovery in 1907 that rare gases—when electrically charged—glow in a display of mind-boggling colors. The book also describes the neon craze that hit the U.S. in the 1920s and '30s, and discusses current applications of neon in art and design.

Finally, *Let There Be Neon* is a handbook on the technology of neon. Equipment, tools and techniques used in the construction of neon art are all illustrated in a special "how-to" section. Among the book's other offerings are a glossary of terms and a bibliography.

Neon art is an intricate craft that does not lend itself to automation or assembly-line production. Usually the top pros in the business are men in their 50s or older who are as creative and talented as any other artists. They are skilled craftsmen who must have steady hands and an eye for composition. But even with all of the advancements made in neon art over the years—such as the improvement in design quality—new ideas are always



'Whalebone' tells the story of women's underwear through the ages.

just waiting to be discovered.

Let There Be Neon is well worth the price. It will dazzle your senses and give you an entirely new perspective on those magically bright neon lights.

Whalebone to See-Through

By Michael Colmer; A. S. Barnes & Company, Inc., P.O. Box 421, Cranbury, New Jersey 08512; \$9.95

Whalebone to See-Through is an illustrated history of women's undergarments. Along with some titillating photos of models in contemporary lingerie, the book includes a fascinating narrative about the hiding, twisting, flattening and pampering of the female shape over the past few thousand years.

For example, a popular item during the 16th century was a steel, cage-type hinged corset that extended from crotch to collarbone and squeezed a woman's waist into a tiny (13-inch) circumference. In the 1800s girdles were so tight that a man could actually make a complete circle around a woman's waist with his hands! Wearing torturous undies like these, it's little wonder that so many heroines of Victorian novels were pale and fainted all the time.

Hundreds of facts and anecdotes run through *Whalebone to See-Through's* witty text. It describes the famous chastity belt, a steel-and-leather contraption designed to keep a woman's cunt under lock and



Rudi Stern's 'Let There Be Neon' features colorful, exciting visuals and an intriguing history of neon art.



'Whalebone to See-Through' is filled with alluring photographs of models in contemporary lingerie.

key. Contrary to popular belief, this strange device was worn as a protection against rape rather than as a symbol of macho possessiveness.

Michael Colmer's book is much more than just random stories about ladies' lingerie, however. It gives an accurate view of how women have been pushed by society to conform to "fashionable" standards. At various times in history there have been different definitions of a perfect "10." Men in certain eras considered a big ass on a woman to be attractive, while at other times a small ass was preferred.

Of course, once in a while a daring woman would revolt against the *status quo*, as did a certain Miss Chudleigh. During the 18th century, high collars were the accepted fashion of the day, and Chudleigh shocked everyone when she arrived at a party in a dress with a neckline slashed to her waist.

Whalebone to See-Through's unique perspective on female body-packaging makes a very important point. A woman no longer has to bind her body in strange getups to impress a

man. She is free to be sexy wearing underwear that naturally displays the female form. Today a man can appreciate a woman for what she really is, and a woman has the courage to be what she really is.

Men in Love

By Nancy Friday; Delacorte Press, 1 Dag Hammarskjold Plaza, New York, New York 10017; \$12.95

Nancy Friday rocked the bookstores of America in 1973 with *My Secret Garden*, a compilation of sexual fantasies collected from women across the country. She followed that with a best-selling book on the same subject, *Forbidden Flowers*. Now Friday has come out with a volume of men's sexual feelings and fantasies. With the subtitle *Men's Sexual Fantasies: The Triumph of Love Over Rage*, her latest book is a captivating study which argues successfully that men are compassionate and sincere in their love of women, despite the rage associated with many male fantasies.

This collection of sex stories, submitted by more than 100 men, includes absolutely every-

thing males think about while jerking off. The scenarios range from tender memories of a first love to graphic descriptions of ass-fucking. The fantasies are complex and filled with bizarre details that reveal a lot, not only about the contributors but also about men in general.

Men in Love does much to disprove some dangerous falsehoods about fantasies. Some people assert that perverse thoughts can lead to the commission of violent sex crimes. That's pure bullshit, according to Friday. She sees sexual fantasies as safety valves that allow people to slowly let off steam. From early youth to old age, millions of men live out their outrageous desires in a fantasy world. Sharing these thoughts with others is a healthy emotional release, and the author deserves credit for helping to open up the discussion of male fantasies.

Besides the fantasies, *Men in Love* also comments on each type of fantasy preference. These asides are both incisive and understanding. It's obvious that Friday is consciously trying to be a realist, not an ideal-

ist; she makes no value judgments about individual fantasies, and she deals with them in a clear, readable style.

Buy this book. Not only will you learn a great deal about America's changing sexual mood, but you'll probably discover a great deal about your own fantasies as well.

The Pleasure Addicts


By Dr. Lawrence J. Hatterer; A. S. Barnes & Company, Inc., P.O. Box 421, Cranbury, New Jersey 08512; \$14.95

This remarkable book offers explicit details about the causes, problems and treatment of all types of addiction. Most people tend to think of addiction as a dependency on drugs or alcohol, but Dr. Lawrence J. Hatterer, a clinical psychiatrist, defines it as "any unhealthy excess that destroys one's physical and mental life." Dr. Hatterer claims that these addictions—like gambling fever, compulsive TV-watching, overeating, even an insatiable sexual appetite—are becoming a national epidemic.

The Pleasure Addicts: The Addictive Process is written in a personal style that intimately addresses the reader. The author even admits that he too is an addict. He's a workaholic obsessed with helping desperate people overcome their problems.

Dr. Hatterer maintains that all overpowering desires follow a similar pattern called "the addictive process." He illustrates how the process works by discussing several case studies of addicts, as well as by describing different therapies that can help them kick their habits.

One-third of the book is devoted to resource listings for addicts. This guide contains useful information about how to get help for addictions to drugs, alcohol, smoking, food, gambling, work or sex. It includes tips on recognizing addictions, where to go for assistance with such problems, and sources of free self-help literature.

The Pleasure Addicts is not only a shattering documentation of widespread substance abuse in our society, but it also offers a wealth of information on how to treat the problem. 

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For years European and American sailors returning home from the Far East brought back amazing stories about sexual exploits in China and Japan. Some of their accounts were merely tall tales—a good example being the legend that the cunts of Oriental women open sideways. However, many of the stories were true. Oriental philosophy decreed that sex was a sacred duty to be performed enthusiastically and expertly, and the people of the Far East have spent thousands of years perfecting their sexual techniques.

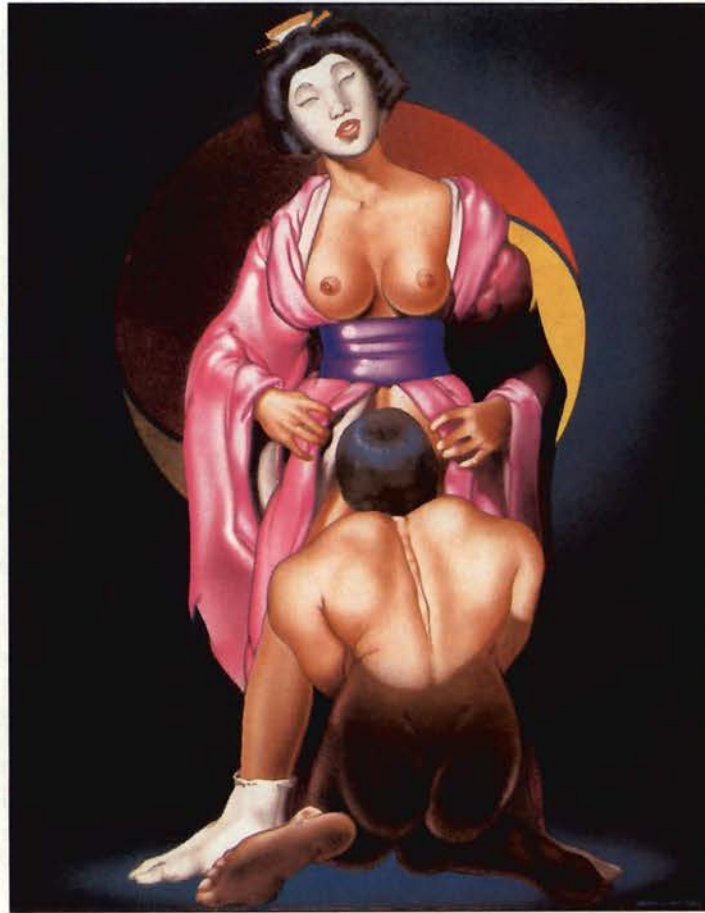
More than 2,000 years before *The Joy of Sex* was published in America, the world's first sex manuals were being written by philosophers in China and other parts of the Orient. They believed that lovemaking should be uninhibited and free from feelings of sin or guilt; their ancient attitudes did not distinguish between "love sacred" and "love profane." In fact, ancient Oriental philosophers felt that sex was necessary to the physical and mental health and well-being of both men and women.

The Oriental fascination with sex is deeply rooted in China's mystical Taoist religion. Taoists believe that the universe is flawless and that man must live in harmony with nature. The Taoist symbols of perfect balance are called *yin* and *yang*. These symbols are visually represented as the two interlocking sections of a divided circle, one side being black and the other white.

Yin stands for the passive and feminine forces in nature, while *yang* stands for the aggressive and masculine forces. Together, according to Taoist philosophy, they interact to produce everything that exists in the world. *Yin* and *yang* are also abstract representations of a woman and man joined together, and therefore symbolize sex.

The harmony of *yin* and *yang* was all-important to the ancient Taoists. Chinese sex manuals written before Christ said that when a man makes love

Many sexual pleasures have remained hidden for too long behind the doors of fear, ignorance, inexperience and hypocrisy. In keeping with HUSTLER's belief that the repression of natural and healthy urges is physically and emotionally damaging, we present this series of informative articles to increase your sexual knowledge, to lessen your inhibitions and—ultimately—to make you a much better lover.



ORIENTAL SEX SECRETS

by Jill Cofrancesco

to a woman, his cock is bathed in her *yin* essence (vaginal fluids), offsetting the loss of his *yang* essence (semen). This intermingling of essences was meant to bring a unique peace of mind to both partners. In order to stir up the woman's *yin* essence, the Oriental manuals recommended prolonged intercourse and exciting foreplay.

One way to prolong intercourse is, of course, to control ejaculation. Chinese Taoist physicians regarded sperm as a kind of spiritual gasoline and instructed men to conserve it as much as possible while fucking. These doctors taught that orgasm and ejaculation were two different bodily processes and that com-

ing too quickly was to be avoided at all costs.

According to P'eng Tsu, a senior Tao adviser, "After ejaculation a man is tired, his ears are buzzing, his eyes are heavy, and he longs for sleep. In ejaculation he experiences a brief second of sensation, but long hours of weariness are a result. . . . On the other hand, if a man reduces and regulates his ejaculation to an absolute minimum, his body will be strengthened, his mind at ease and his vision and hearing improved."

In their 1970 book *Human Sexual Inadequacy*, Masters and Johnson describe a "squeeze technique" that helps to control ejaculation so that the man can make love for extended periods of time. This technique requires a brief interruption during intercourse, at which time the woman literally squeezes the man's penis below the head just before he's about to come. But ancient Chinese philosophers prescribed a "squeeze technique" thousands of years before Masters and Johnson.

Employing the Chinese squeeze method, the man, rather than the woman, applies the pressure. When the man feels he is going to come, he wards off the ejaculation by pressing the fore and middle fingers of one hand against his perineum, the fleshy area between the scrotum and anus. At the same time, he takes a

deep breath. There are a number of advantages to this method: The man doesn't have to withdraw, he doesn't have to give his partner any instructions, and the technique is quite easy to learn.

Exciting foreplay techniques were also used by Orientals to get their sacred juices flowing. In fact, ancient sex texts from China even described intricate positions for various kinds of foreplay. Each of these positions has a poetic name. For example, "The Bamboos Near the Altar" refers to an erect penis rubbing against a woman's pubic mound. This position requires the woman to stand on the floor with one leg

raised and resting on a couch or bed. The man, facing her, places his hard-on between her thighs but doesn't attempt penetration. Instead, the lovers explore each other with hands and tongues while the man's penis brushes lightly against the woman's vaginal lips.

At this point during "The Bamboos Near the Altar" position, Orientals often practice an exotic kiss called "breath taking." When the lovers tilt their heads, before their lips actually meet, one of them snatches the other's breath by sucking in the air from his or her partner's mouth. This technique, which is rarely practiced in Western nations, can be a highly sensual prelude to traditional kissing.

After several minutes of touching and tonguing, the woman's cunt should be warm, wet and yielding. Now the man directs his cock more aggressively against her vaginal lips, brushing the tip lightly against her clitoris. When her vagina is well-lubricated, shallow penetration takes place. The woman completely controls the degree of penetration by bending the knee of her elevated leg, a movement that opens or closes her crevice. When the man becomes highly aroused, said the Chinese sex guides, he should fill the woman to the hilt, plunging into her "like a pestle into a mortar."

In another foreplay position called "The Swinging Monkey," or "The Monkey's Attack," the man is sitting down, and the woman, facing him, squats over his penis. She holds on to a limb or a bar above her to keep her balance. With her feet touching the floor, she swings back and forth over his member, letting it rub against her vagina without penetrating it. When the foreplay leads to intercourse, the woman lets go of the bar and sits on the man's lap, impaling herself on his hard cock.

In many ancient illustrations of "The Swinging Monkey" the woman is suspended on a trapeze or a hanging basket chair above the man. Similar devices, known as "pleasure swings," are commercially available in the United States for couples who may want to try this exotic foreplay method.

Besides their sexual positions and techniques, Oriental nations—especially China—have contributed many of the erotic aids that are being sold today by mail order and in adult gift shops.

The Chinese developed Ben-wa balls (called *rin-no-tama* by the Japanese), which have been very successfully marketed in the Western world. These are small metal balls, about half the size of walnuts, that are inserted into a woman's vagina. As the woman moves

her body, the balls roll about inside her, colliding with each other and producing intense sensations of ecstasy.

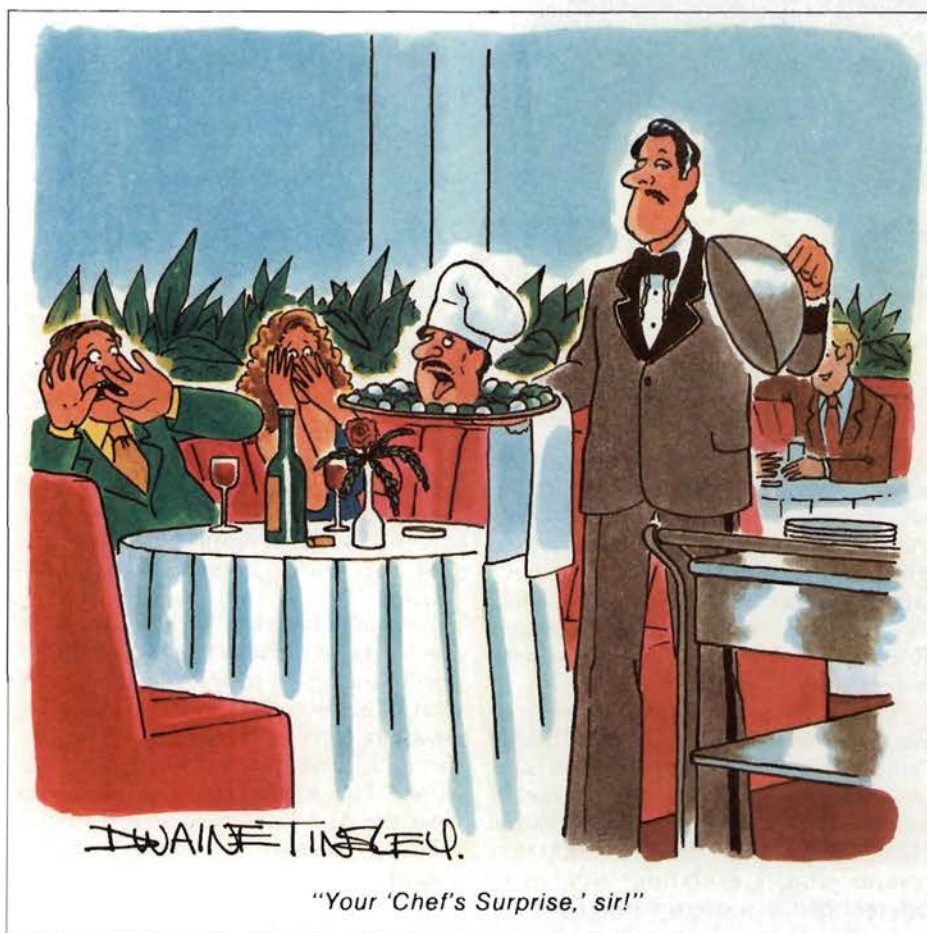
Most modern Ben-wa sets contain two spheres, although some sets have as many as three: one hollow, one with a drop of mercury inside that causes it to move effortlessly, and one with a small tuning fork inside that provides pleasurable vibrations. Although most women find it difficult to reach orgasm while using just the balls, they do experience continual feelings of excitement. For additional titillation, an Oriental man sometimes makes love to his woman with one Ben-wa ball inside her vagina. This way, the ball rolls up and down the man's erect shaft and stimulates both partners.

Anal intercourse was rarely practiced in the ancient Orient—mainly because a man couldn't get any *yin* essence from a woman's anus—but it is not forbidden by Taoist philosophy. In fact, many Orientals stimulate their partner by inserting their thumbs into their lover's anus during intercourse. A Japanese man, in particular, will sometimes finger his lover by putting his thumb into her rectum and two fingers into her vagina during foreplay.

Traditionally, Japanese men and women have practiced anal arousal by using a strand of beads called *konomish-inju*. Four beads, each one-and-a-half inches in diameter, were spaced an inch apart on a six-inch silk cord. The beads were lubricated with a honey-and-lard balm and then slowly inserted into the anus during foreplay. During the final, exquisite thrusts of intercourse, the beads were pulled out one at a time, with the last one removed at the crucial moment of climax. As the beads popped out of the sphincter muscle, they enhanced the natural anal contractions that take place during orgasm.

Chinese women used a somewhat different style of anal beads to excite their male lovers. The Chinese beads were much smaller than the Japanese kind. They resembled a string of pearls, and the strand was long enough to loop around a man's penis. During foreplay the woman would roll the beads up and down the shaft of her lover's dick and thump them softly against his cock head. Then she'd insert them into his anus, one bead at a time. Unlike her Japanese counterpart, a Chinese woman would pull all the beads out of her lover's ass in one steady movement during climax to prolong the orgasmic spasms. Both the Japanese and the Chinese versions of anal beads are available today in adult gift shops.

Oriental men often had a complete set of gadgets that were used to change the



WAIN TINSLEY

"Your 'Chef's Surprise,' sir!"

shape and texture of their penises. The most primitive devices were leather thongs that wrapped around an erect penis to assure a long-lasting hard-on. Actual "cock-cages," made of interwoven strips of leather that covered the entire shaft, were also used to maintain an erection. Plastic and rubber versions of these penis sheaths are widely available in the U.S. The rubber and plastic models are more comfortable to wear than the leather devices. And, because of their elasticity, they are probably more effective as well.

Cock-rings were also originated by the Orientals. Carved from wood or ivory, the ancient cock-rings were textured to stimulate a woman's vagina during the man's pelvic thrusts. Some rings even had a smooth knob at the top for clitoral contact. But the primary reason for wearing a cock-ring or a cock-cage is to keep the penis erect. Both devices apply pressure to the dorsal vein (the cock's main vein), keeping the blood in the penis and thereby maintaining the hard-on. Cock-rings are especially effective in stiffening a partial erection after an ejaculation. Today, in Western countries, they are made of nickel chrome, rubber or plastic.

One of the Orient's greatest contributions to sexuality was the erotic literature and art produced by its cultures. Huge private libraries of sexually explicit novels were common in the palaces of upper-class Chinese years before most of the world could read or write. Although women in ancient China were usually denied access to these explicit books, every new bride received a copy of her husband's favorite sex manual. Such volumes were extremely popular in the Far East during ancient times. In fact, 200 years before the birth of Christ, the Chinese had eight major sex guides that covered everything from the deflowering of virgins to a recipe for a virility pill.

Strongly influenced by China after the tenth century, Japan began producing sex manuals that focused more on illustrations than on descriptions. Today ancient Japanese sex paintings, with their voluptuous women and enormously endowed men, are valuable artifacts collected by museums all over the world.

Unfortunately, most of the ancient Oriental sex manuals and erotic books are not available in English. The first serious translation of an Oriental sex guide was published in 1961, with the descriptions of the sex acts themselves in Latin. It's been happening very slowly, but bit by bit, more information concerning Oriental sexuality is becoming available to Western nations. 🍌

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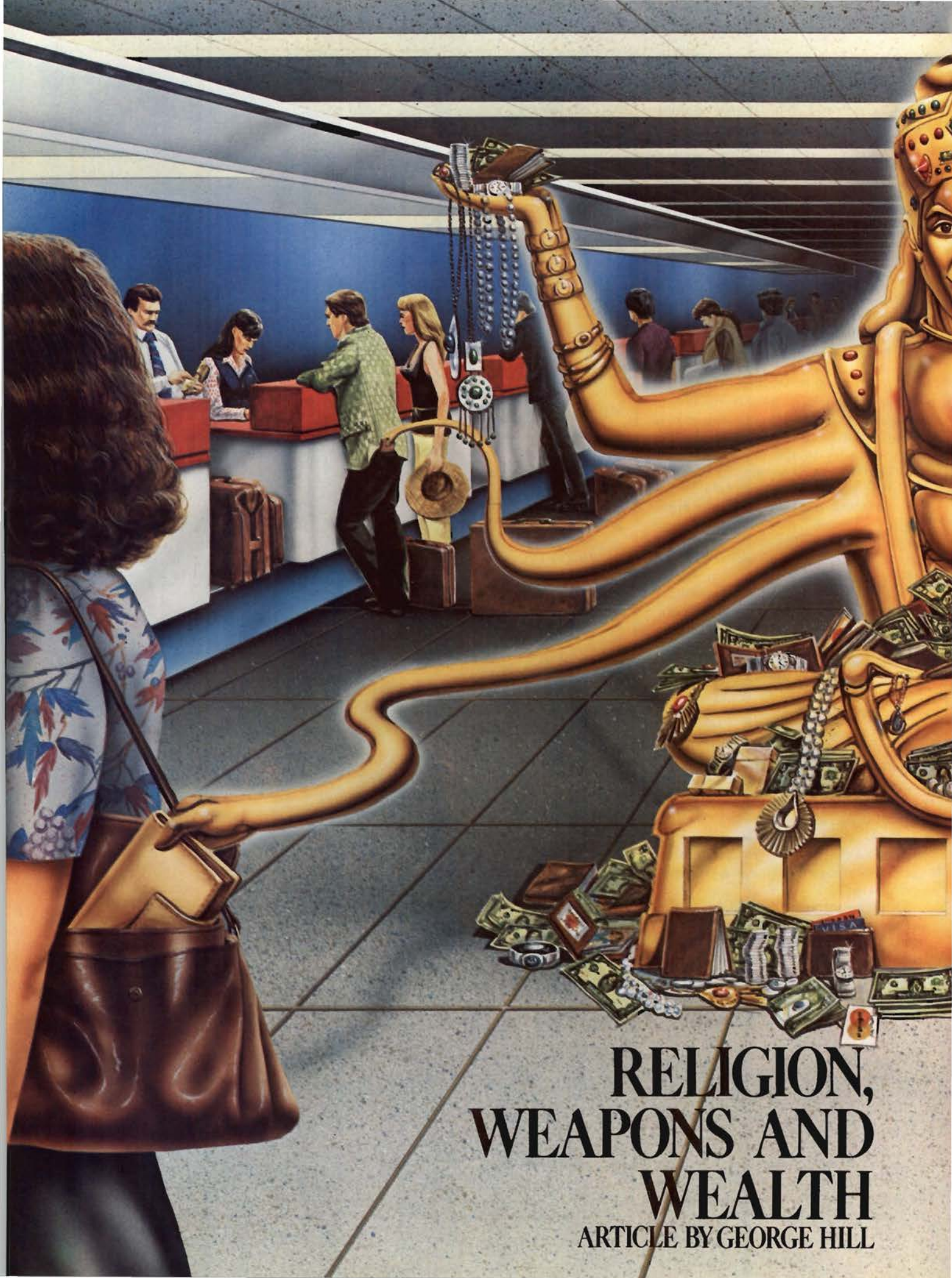
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RELIGION, WEAPONS AND WEALTH

ARTICLE BY GEORGE HILL

HARE KRISHNAS



At first glance the two young men passing through customs at Honolulu International Airport seemed no more unusual than the other passengers arriving from Hong Kong. Bruce Enomoto and Gregory Gottfried wore neatly tailored suits, subdued neckties and highly polished shoes. Only a closer look at their shaved, pigtailed heads partially concealed beneath snapped-brim hats gave away their true identities.

They were Hare Krishnas, members of a religious discipline dating back to ancient India. Krishna devotees pledge themselves to a harsh lifestyle in order to attain spiritual enlightenment and advancement. They abstain from using intoxicants and drugs, and from consuming meat, fish, eggs, tea and coffee.

Their faith permits only married couples to have sex—and only once a month—for the express purpose of producing babies, with penetration

Illustration by John Andrews

allowed only after five consecutive hours of chanting prayers. Above all, Krishnas renounce all material possessions while dedicating their lives on earth to achieving eternal bliss in life after death.

Despite the outward appearances of Enomoto and Gottfried, something besides the adopted Hindu names on their passports—Bhanu Sato and Gurukripa Swami—made the customs inspectors suspicious. Those apprehensions were soon confirmed as the inspectors began examining the two passengers' luggage and clothing. In addition to \$10,000 in U.S. currency, Enomoto was carrying \$30,000 worth of rubies, diamonds, opals and pearls. Gottfried was concealing a small, jewel-encrusted deity that sat upon a solid-gold throne, along with an assortment of other jewelry. Within minutes, Enomoto was arrested for smuggling. Within hours, newspapers around the world were headlining the surprising story.

What happened in Honolulu was only the first of many recent disclosures that have seriously compromised the Hare Krishna movement's image of honesty, self-denial and inner contentment. Over the past four years an increasing number of cult members have been accused and/or convicted of drug-trafficking, stockpiling high-powered weapons and ammunition, credit fraud, theft, forgery, income-tax evasion, possession of stolen

property, illegal money-laundering, kidnapping and at least one murder-for-hire. Such activities would seem to be more consistent with those of organized crime than with the lofty goals of a group supposedly engaged in an endless search for "spiritual purity in an impure world."

Even before these startling revelations, the Krishnas' annoying panhandling in the streets of major cities and—especially—at airport terminals *had* provoked widespread public disgust. Wearing strange-looking saffron robes, strands of prayer beads and splotches of facial makeup, they blocked the way of pedestrians and travelers with rattling tambourines and frenzied chants while peddling religious literature, incense and paper flowers.

(One typically successful begging operation, at Chicago's O'Hare International Airport, grossed \$150,000 in 1979. The leader of the O'Hare team, Patrick Hedemark—alias Pragosha Das—reports that he and 25 other Krishnas spend nine hours a day, six or seven days a week, coaxing money from the wallets and purses of airline passengers.)

Thousands of travelers have complained not only about physical harassment, shortchanging and intimidation, but also about the chattering devotees' false claims that they were soliciting money for needy children, muscular-dystrophy victims, rape victims, drug

addicts, the Catholic Relief Mission and Christian Scientists. Enraged onlookers once pursued and captured a Krishna solicitor after she had brazenly grabbed a dollar bill from the purse of a child in a wheelchair. Civil lawsuits and misdemeanor and felony charges have been filed against the religious organization throughout the United States, Japan and West Germany.

Realizing that their shaved heads and strange dress were sometimes alienating potential donors, the Krishna leadership began authorizing male members to disguise themselves in hairpieces and traditional Western clothes, while female members were encouraged to use sex as a lure. Employing methods normally associated with B-girls, Krishna women sought out servicemen in particular to implement an old, reliable sting—hinting at a promise of sex in return for a sizable contribution, but delivering nothing more than a smile. Around Christmas, other devotees have dressed up as Santa Claus to capitalize on the spirit of holiday giving.

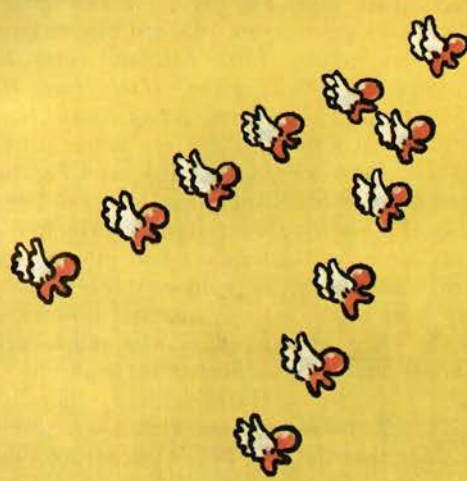
However unsavory such hard-sell tactics may seem, there is no question that they pay off handsomely. Outright begging and solicitation in this country alone brings in \$7 million a year, according to Krishna estimates. Outsiders' calculations go as high as \$50 million annually. Vast sums such as these have enabled the Krishnas to construct a series of opulent temples that also seem at variance with a religion that renounces materialism.

New Vrindaban, a recently completed temple in the West Virginia hills, cost more than \$500,000, not counting the thousands of hours of virtual slave labor performed by Krishna devotees. Fitted with crystal chandeliers, teakwood doors and stained-glass peacocks, the temple contains more than 200 tons of white Italian marble and blue Canadian marble inlaid with Iranian onyx, as well as four pounds of 24-karat gold leaf worth more than \$150,000 at current prices.

Today approximately 5,000 U.S. Hare Krishna cultists live in 52 temples and seven rural communes that are part of a network of religious centers extending to 29 other nations. Temples continue to be the movement's leading source of revenue. In 1978 the Krishnaite temple near San Diego reported an income of \$688,167, earned through begging and sales of incense, baked goods, candles, wood carvings, religious literature and recordings. At the time the report was made, the temple had only 65 members. During the past three years the Berkeley, California, temple has earned more than \$2.6 million in



ABORTION CLINIC



Trosley.

book sales and solicitations. More than 85 million books propagandizing the religion have been published during the past decade, accounting for revenues exceeding \$40 million a year.

Besides panhandling, Krishnas operate vegetarian restaurants, health-food stores and continue to accumulate an enormous property empire. Just 500 devotees in Canada are sitting on more than \$2 million worth of real-estate holdings, including six temples and 100 acres of prime land near Montreal. The movement also owns a 600-acre farm in Hyderabad, India; a 100-acre farm in Bangalore, India; a 50-acre farm in Sri Lanka; and numerous hunks of property in Hawaii, where Krishnas have been running their own political candidates in local elections. The farms are highly profitable enterprises, since they are operated by devotees who receive no pay for working long hours.

Such numbers seem all the more remarkable when you consider that the International Society for Krishna Consciousness has existed in the U.S. only since 1965. That year, His Divine Grace A. C. Bhaktivedanta Swami Prabhupada arrived in this country from India on a freighter with the equivalent of only \$7 in his pocket. Almost 70 years old at the time, the tiny, determined scholar was a follower of Krishna, or God, as revealed in the ancient Sanskrit scrip-

tures known as the *Vedas*. The swami claimed to be the latest incarnation in a direct line going back to the first earthly appearance of the handsome, dark-skinned Lord Krishna 5,000 years ago.

Much of the religion centers around affirming devotion to Krishna by chanting his name and those of other deities in a 16-word prayer known as a mantra: *Hare Krishna, Hare Krishna, Krishna, Krishna, Hare Hare, Hare Rama, Hare Rama, Rama Rama, Hare Hare!*

Devotees are required to repeat the mantra at least 1,728 times a day while fingering a string of 108 prayer beads. In the religion's principal daily ceremony, Krishna and other deities—in the form of golden statues—are presented with food, incense, flowers, a fan, a waving handkerchief and an offering of flames.

Soon after founding the movement of Hare Krishna—literally Holy God—in a New York City storefront, Prabhupada began attracting a devoted following of disillusioned, burned-out hippies. They became the hard-core of true believers who spread the word and began collecting the money that currently forms much of the movement's power base. Over 90% of current Krishna followers are 25 years old or younger—most of them from middle-class American homes.

But distraught parents have increas-

ingly complained that their children are being held as virtual captives. One California attorney filed a \$28.7-million lawsuit on behalf of 13 clients, claiming that their civil rights had been violated when cult members "kidnapped" a young family member through "mind control." The complaint asserted that Hare Krishna was not a religion, but rather an "unlawful, insidious cult that imprisons its members by behavior modification through cult-inspired fear."

It was further alleged that Krishna members were "subjected to a constant state of exhaustion maintained through fatiguing rituals, psychological pressures, boring lectures and study classes, and lengthy hours of begging and proselytizing. . . . The members are herded together, housed like cattle and fed barely enough to keep them alive." Cases like these have traditionally been rejected by the courts, which contend that prosecution conflicts with Constitutionally guaranteed freedom of religion.

During his 16 years as Hare Krishna spiritual master, Prabhupada served as the religion's single authority figure. Nothing went on in the organization without his knowledge and approval. His word was law, and disciples professed absolute obedience to their leader.

The roots of many problems presently plaguing the Krishnas apparently derive from Prabhupada's faltering health and resulting loss of control. Heirs apparent to his leadership position began jockeying for power, just as vice-presidents of any corporation do when there's an opening at the top.

Following the swami's death in November 1977 the movement was divided into 11 administrative zones, each ruled by a handpicked disciple. The biggest plum went to German-born Hans Kary (known as Jack London on his passport and Srila Hansadutta Swami on his driver's license), the high-living Krishna who started the lucrative Berkeley temple. According to recent records, the temple's total assets are \$1.4 million—including \$1.2 million in real estate.

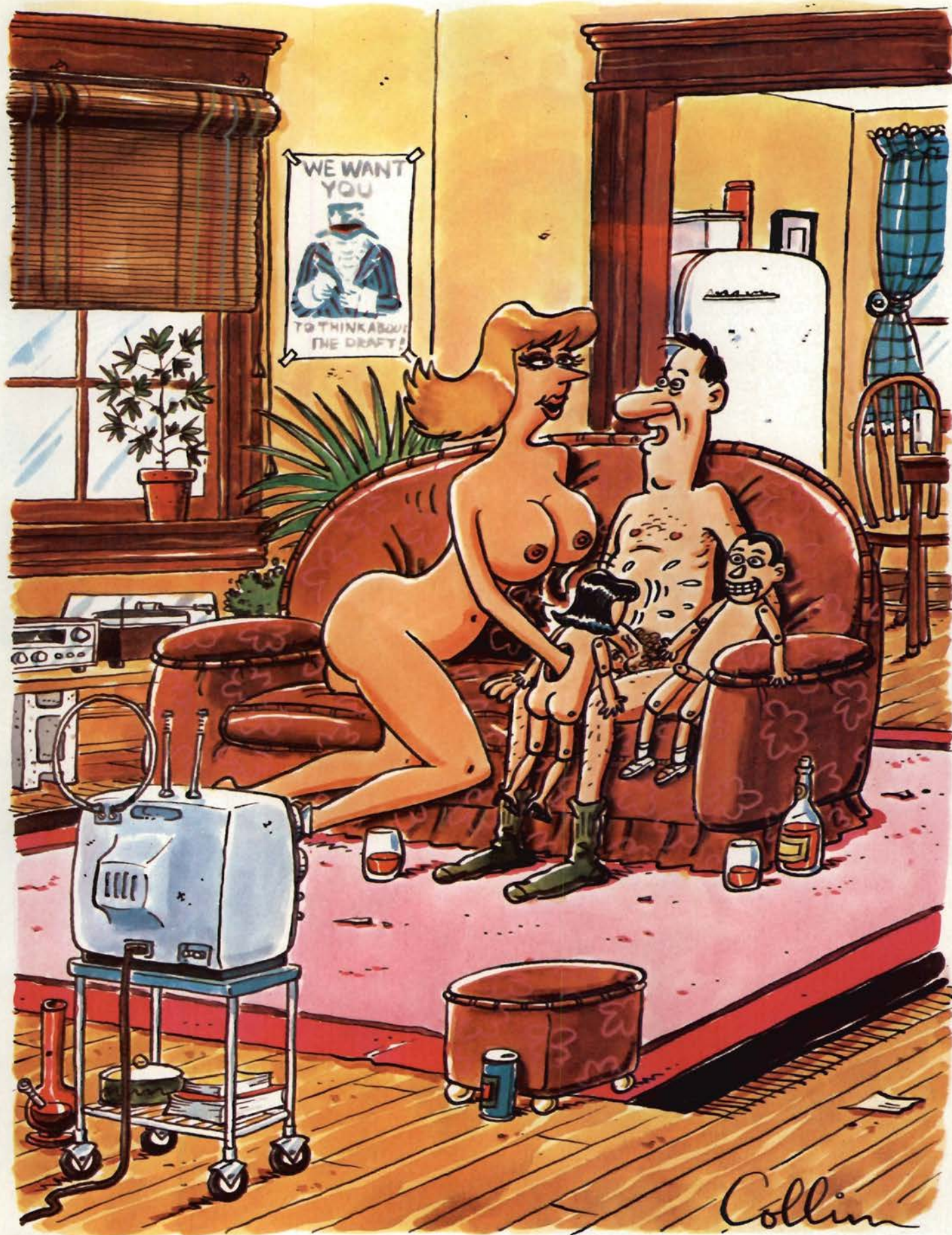
Hansadutta took charge of a vast geographical area that stretched from San Francisco to Vancouver, British Columbia, and also incorporated Krishna activities in Southeast Asia, Sri Lanka and South India. The former free-lance photographer's personal lifestyle—while at odds with basic Krishna teachings—reflected his unorthodox approach to spiritual leadership.

Someone who becomes a guru (or *acharaya*), the most exalted position in the cult, is supposed to renounce all his

(continued on page 52)



"Sorry, Ferdinand, but it's that time of the month."



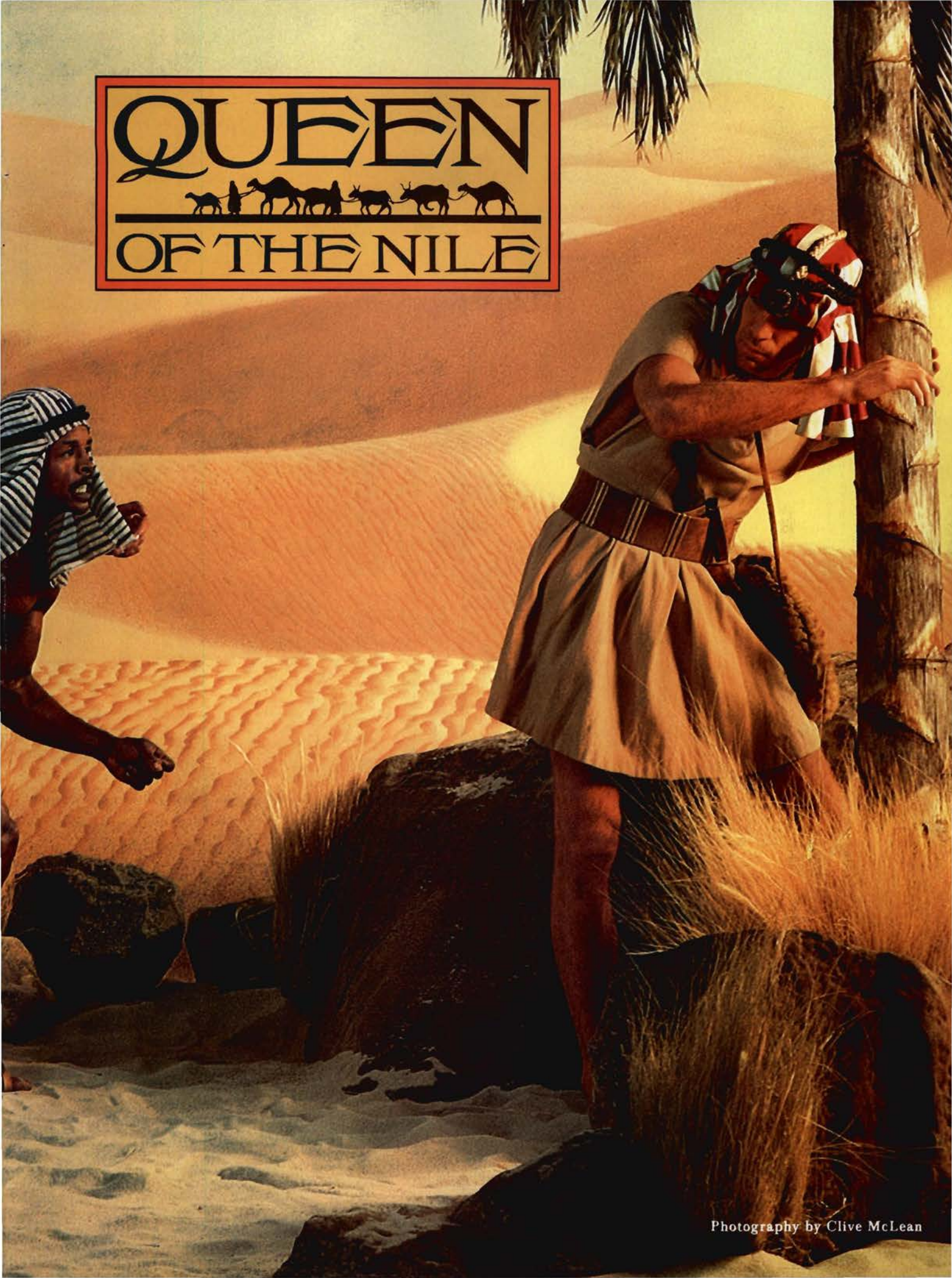
"Your lips are moving."



QUEEN OF THE NILE

A silhouette of a caravan consisting of a person leading a line of camels and donkeys across a desert landscape.

OF THE NILE



Photography by Clive McLean



She rules the civilization of the fertile river valley and the great desert that surrounds it. But she in turn is ruled by the primitive passions that burn within her, hot as the desert sands. Using the power at her command, she orders a captured intruder to submit to her wishes. As his hard masculinity fulfills her lustful cravings, she yields to his force. Again and again he guides her to ecstasy. Her body weakened, the queen becomes a slave to his throbbing power.











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HARE KRISHNAS

(continued from page 40)

earthly ties. Yet Hansadutta favors driving expensive Mercedes-Benz and Porsche automobiles, as well as collecting gems and gold jewelry. Krishna defectors openly question his obsession with wealth obtained through the labor of young devotees who spend upwards of nine hours a day hawking goodies on streets and at airports.

The 39-year-old guru came further into question in May of this year when Berkeley police obtained a warrant to search an unregistered Mercedes parked in the driveway of a Krishna-owned home he occupied. Inside they found two loaded pistols, two military-type assault rifles, two .22-caliber rifles and ammunition. A locked attache case contained a 9mm. Ingram automatic submachine gun, a commando-type weapon capable of being fitted with a silencer.

Hansadutta, who previously had been arrested in West Germany on a weapons charge, was booked for possession of a stolen vehicle, stolen property and an automatic weapon, the latter a violation of federal law. Appearing in court wearing aviator sunglasses, a bulky gray sweater over peach-colored trousers and smelling heavily of incense, he denied the charges.

Then out of the blue, seemingly by divine intervention, one of Hansadutta's

disciples showed up at police headquarters to accept responsibility for ownership of the illegal submachine gun. Forty-year-old Vladimir Panasenkov Vripa, a native of the Soviet Union and collector of Nazi memorabilia, had been the head of a Krishna motor pool in northern California. But since then, temple officials insisted, he had "fallen from grace." Still, Hansadutta vigorously defended the Krishnas' right to arm themselves.

"America was won by the gun, and it's maintained by the gun," he said amid published reports of disciplinary beatings received by some Berkeley devotees. "We also bear arms, not because we are violent or because we have any schemes or designs in overthrowing society. That's an insane thing to think. But at the same time, we are not fools. If someone comes and causes us trouble, we are not going to set [sic] there and let them streamroll us. We don't agree with the idea of turning the other cheek. Americans should bear their arms in case the authorities fail." Hansadutta added that Krishna members should be prepared to suffer and even to die in order to advance the movement.

Evidence of the new Krishna militancy had first surfaced last year, when members of the cult's New Vrindaban facility in West Virginia became involved in at least three shooting incidents with local residents who allegedly

had been harassing them. A spokesman for the 2,000-acre farming commune admitted that members had stockpiled an arsenal that included military-surplus M-14 semiautomatic rifles, handguns and several thousand rounds of ammunition. Target practice had also been conducted in nearby woods. And one commune member had been issued a federal firearms-dealer's license. New Vrindaban's president, Kuladri Das, said that nothing in the Krishna religion precluded the use of weapons to protect their temple from "defilement" and for self-defense.

An even more startling revelation unfolded in March after a former Krishna devotee, William Benedict, informed police that his briefcase containing credit cards, blank checks and a round-the-world airline ticket had been stolen from his car while visiting the Berkeley temple. During the following month someone used the cards and checks to buy nearly \$10,000 worth of goods.

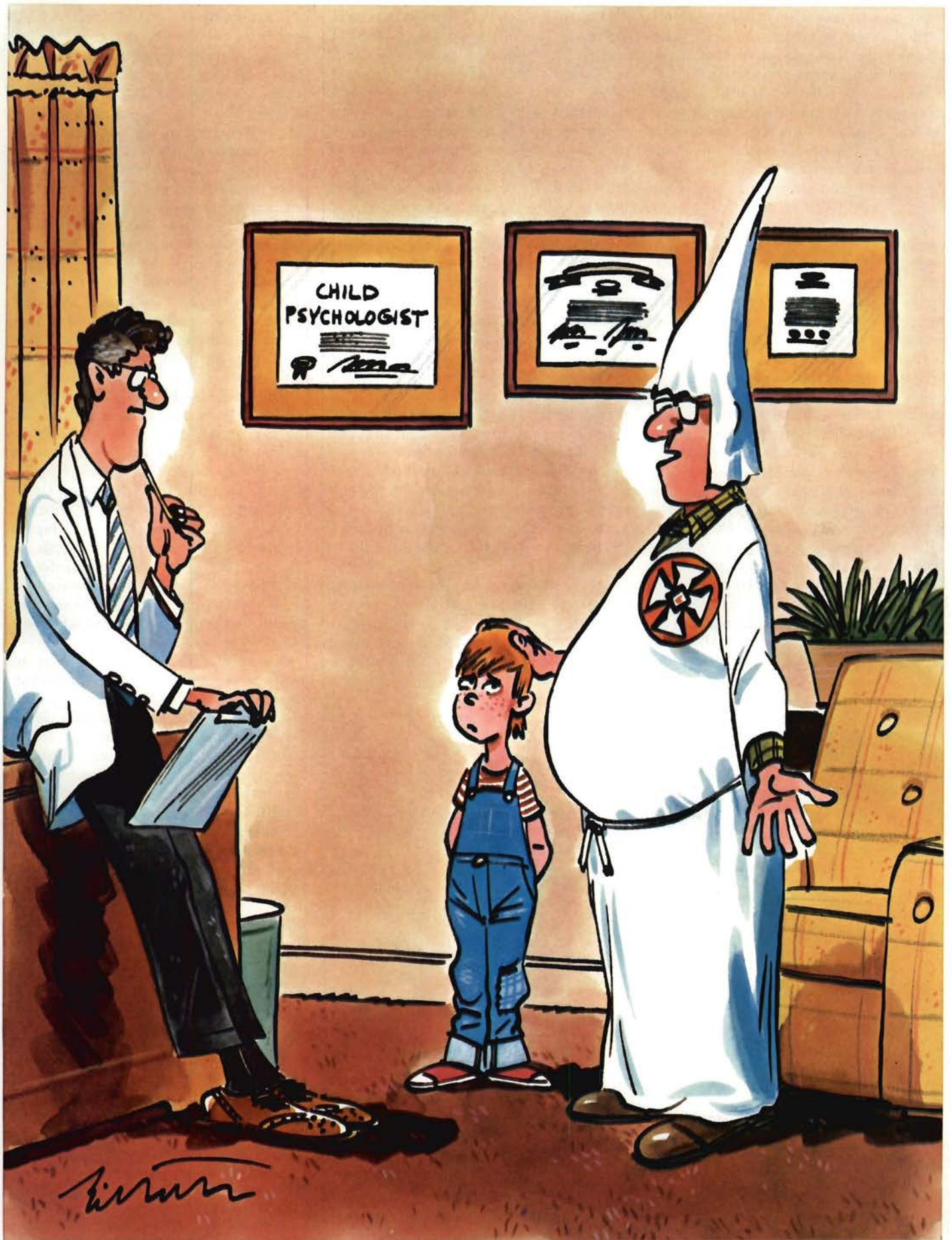
Police followed the trail of illegal credit-card purchases to an El Cerrito, California, gun shop and warehouse owned by Ronald R. Walters, a West German national and Hare Krishna member. There they found the makings of 300,000 military-type 7.62mm bullets and 50,000 copper-jacketed slugs. Also uncovered were gardening equipment and tools believed to have been purchased with one of William Benedict's stolen credit cards. Walters was arrested on federal charges of obtaining a fraudulent U.S. passport. Federal authorities later estimated that members of the Berkeley temple had spent between \$20,000 and \$30,000 on firearms during the previous seven months.

Raiding the Hare Krishnas' isolated 400-acre New Mount Kailasa ranch, north of San Francisco, police next uncovered a grenade-launcher, bayonets, several thousand rounds of ammunition, silhouette targets and a number of high-caliber weapons, including semiautomatic rifles, carbines, riot guns and shotguns. They also found several thousand dollars' worth of fraudulently purchased farm equipment, cement, cloth and 12 cases of black-and-white tiles of the type used on the floors of Krishna temples. Nazi insignia and literature were also confiscated.

Authorities speculated that suspects who fled before the raid were given advance warning by short-wave radio from the Berkeley temple. Among them were a West German national in charge of the Mount Kailasa weapons depot who was wanted on grand-theft charges in another jurisdiction, and a temple officer who had been arrested in West Ger-



"Three lies, a couple of covets and a half-dozen impure thoughts."



"Doc, we can't figger Roy Jr. out. He jes' won't learn how to hate."

many for carrying a loaded Luger pistol.

"We're here to protect our God," said a remaining Krishna spokesman, complaining of religious persecution.

Sources close to the Mount Kalaisa investigation say the principal suspect is Michael Pugliese—his Krishna name is Govar Dan—a devotee who served as Hansadutta's secretary and chauffeur. He is believed to have fled to Hong Kong to avoid prosecution. Pugliese is also wanted by Tokyo police on three jewel-theft warrants, and local police have asked the Alameda County District Attorney's office to file assault charges against him in connection with the nearly fatal beating of a fellow devotee in Berkeley this past August.

This wasn't the first time that a Krishna member had been implicated in a violent crime. Three years ago Joseph Shelton Davis III (alias Dritavarata), Roy Christopher Richard (alias Rsavdeva Das), Joseph Gabriel Fedorowski (alias Gupta Das) and Alexander Kulik were among the prime suspects in the murder of Steven Bovan. Their apprehension on other charges brought to light a bizarre cloak-and-dagger story of drug-dealing and embezzlement that went to the core of the Hare Krishna leadership.

A subsequent investigation determined that Bovan had initially kidnapped Kulik to extort money from the

30-year-old Krishna fund-raiser. Following the payment of a \$30,000 ransom and Kulik's release, Laguna, California, temple officials hired three hoodlums—two of whom had once testified against the Mafia and then been given new identities by the authorities—to rough up Bovan. But one of them, Jerry Peter Fiori, got a little carried away and fatally shot Bovan outside a Newport Beach, California, restaurant.

Much of this information emerged last year after Davis, Richard, Fedorowski and eight other present or past Krishna members were indicted by a federal grand jury on charges of illegally smuggling Pakistani hashish oil into the United States. Davis was said to be the ringleader of the multimillion-dollar operation.

Both Richard, who had served as president of the Laguna temple, and Davis were accused of recruiting and training couriers disguised as American businessmen to hide the hashish oil—a potent marijuana derivative—in the hollow sides of typewriter carrying cases. Later the contraband was transferred to baby bottles for distribution to customers.

Davis was also charged with setting up several legitimate businesses as fronts through which proceeds from narcotics sales could be laundered. As the prime target of Drug Enforcement Administra-

tion action, he eventually received a 14-year prison sentence.

Some of the evidence that helped convict him was supplied by Alexander Kulik, whose murder-conspiracy charges in the death of Steven Bovan were dropped in return for his drug-smuggling testimony. Kulik himself had been convicted in late 1979 for possession of more than a pound of China White heroin worth about \$1 million. His arrest on the drug charge was something of a fluke. Finding him asleep in a \$64,000 Stutz Blackhawk automobile parked outside a supermarket, suspicious Orange County, California, deputies stumbled on a cache of 82%-pure heroin hidden in a produce bag in the backseat.

During his trial, Kulik claimed to have been a personal fund-raiser for Spiritual Master Prabhupada, the cult's founding guru, funneling more than \$2 million in cash to him over a seven-year period. Kulik testified to making a dozen trips on behalf of other Krishna swamis, shopping for jewelry and precious stones in France, Lichtenstein, India, Thailand, Hong Kong and Japan. He also testified that just before his arrest for drug possession he transferred nearly \$400,000 from a Krishna account in Lichtenstein to buy a \$640,000 house he expected to sell six months later for a \$400,000 profit.

Moreover, Kulik admitted that he was a participant in Prasadam Distributing International (PDI), a Krishna front organization that purportedly laundered hundreds of thousands of dollars from drug sales. Prabhupada allegedly approved the operation, rationalizing that profits would go to the society's fund for sending food to India.

Other witnesses during Kulik's trial said that PDI representatives had earlier hired the same three hoods responsible for the murder of Steven Bovan to track down \$270,000 allegedly embezzled from one of the firm's affiliates, Quest Products, a now-bankrupt company that sold cookies called Bionic Bits. The hoods were also supposed to intimidate the acting managers of Quest Products from further rip-offs.

Kulik said that he had expected to make \$300,000 from the health-food cookies. But his investments in the Krishna-run business evaporated late in 1977, when the hoods themselves began embezzling money from Quest Products. In the wake of Kulik's conviction, police in London, Paris, New York and Sydney, Australia—as well as agents of Interpol—are investigating allegations that Krishnas have diverted thousands of temple dollars into a Swiss bank account and have smuggled gems

(continued on page 134)





AL DAVIS

PRO FOOTBALL'S MAVERICK MASTERMIND

The tall, beautiful blonde lay dying in a hospital bed, victimized by a massive heart attack that had left her in a coma. By her side sat Al Davis, a muscular, middle-aged man, grim-faced and unshaven. At the height of an astonishingly successful career, the principal owner of the Oakland Raiders professional-football team found himself on the brink of a crushing defeat. The woman was his wife, Carol. Davis had always said that Carol and football were the two most important things in his life. There was no way he could accept losing either one of them.

For two agonizing hours doctors were unable to locate the woman's heartbeat. Death was on the one-yard line, but Al Davis refused to give up. The man who almost single-handedly fought an uphill battle to make pro football the incredibly profitable, thrill-a-minute sport it is today reached down inside himself and dug in. For 13 days in October 1979 he lived in Oakland's Samuel Merritt Hospital with his wife, calling out to her through the darkness, trying to coach her back to consciousness.

"Ca-rol-ee," Davis whispered, using an affectionate nickname from their earliest days together. "Ca-rol-ee. Ca-rol-ee."

When the doctors said they could do nothing more for her, Davis refused to accept their verdict. "Somewhere in this world there's got to be someone," he told a friend. "I don't care who the hell he is, even if he's been called a quack. I've got to find him."

"The odds were a million to one," recalled Herman Masin, an editor who published Davis's first article on football strategy some 30 years ago. Masin had helped by telephoning five doctors as he

and other close friends joined in Davis's desperate blitz of the nation's neurologists. The experts said virtually the same thing: Mrs. Davis had the best physicians in Oakland. "But they were doing nothing," Masin added. "So Al just stayed with her around the clock and talked to her. Al believed she somehow could understand that, out beyond the darkness, he hadn't given up."

Then it happened. Unaccountably, Carol Davis emerged from the coma, and within eight months she had fully recovered. "She really tested me," her husband said later.

"It was a miracle," Masin declared. But Al Davis had worked miracles before.

Like the time he took over in early 1963 as head coach and general manager of the financially troubled Oakland Raiders, then a charter member of the fledgling American Football League (AFL). Easily the worst team in pro football, they had lost 13 of 14 contests the previous season. The Raiders were averaging only 11,000 fans in a temporary home stadium, which, according to one writer, "would have given an Indian fakir third-degree bedsores if he sat still for the whole game." There was constant talk that the hopeless franchise—said to be worth \$200,000 at the time, a small fraction of its \$30-million-plus value today—would be transferred to Cincinnati, New Orleans, Portland or San Antonio.

At 33 the youngest coach in the league, Davis rose to the challenge with typical intensity and flair. He immediately recruited new talent and switched the offense to a more-wide-open style of play. Before the '63 season was two months old, the amazing Raiders had

knocked off dominant clubs like the San Diego Chargers and the Houston Oilers. By the end of the year the resurgent team had won ten of 14 games, the second-best record in the AFL.

Davis achieved and built upon his early successes by installing an exciting passing attack and a brutal style of defensive play calculated to intimidate opponents with bone-crushing tackles. "Al Davis told me that I was paid to be a warhead, and anyone who came near me should get knocked into hell," wrote defensive back Jack Tatum in his controversial book, *They Call Me Assassin*. "Al left me with the impression that my only marketable talents in professional football were those of an intimidator. My job with the Raiders was that of a paid assassin."

During a preseason game in 1978 one of Tatum's victims, wide receiver Darryl Stingley of the New England Patriots, was left permanently paralyzed by a vicious hit that broke his neck. "After the Stingley incident, I started thinking that the Raiders actually did want me...for the expressed purpose of maiming or killing receivers, running backs, or anyone in a different-colored uniform," Tatum admitted in his book.

Under Davis's leadership the team's emblem—an eye-patched and helmeted player over crossed swords—became the overriding symbol of Raider football. "This is one *bad* group of athletes, friend," was its unspoken message. "Beware." At the same time, "Pride and Poise," motivational buzzwords used by Davis more than by most coaches, became the Raiders' motto.

"You're Oakland Raiders wherever you go, whatever you do," he told the

PROFILE BY SCOTT WINOKUR

Illustration by Roger Bergendorff

assembled team on the first day of training camp in 1963. "Anybody who is ashamed of that can get on a plane and leave right now. You're here to win—win—win!"

Most of the time they did just that. By the start of the 1980 season the Raiders stood as the most successful team of the previous two decades—amassing 168 wins against 63 losses, plus one decisive Super Bowl victory.

A photograph snapped in the locker room following the Raiders' triumph in Super Bowl XI—a 32-14 defeat of the Minnesota Vikings on January 9, 1977—hangs in Davis's office. In the photo the players are ecstatic. Minority owner Ed McGah and then-head coach John Madden appear to feel the serenity that comes from undisputed triumph as reporters thrust microphones in their faces.

But Al Davis is in a world of his own. An insanely joyful expression is on his face. His teeth are bared, and the skin around his eyes is taut. He gazes at the Super Bowl trophy like a man transfixed, like someone who has lusted after a tantalizing woman... and now—after eluding him for years—she's lifted her big, beautiful eyes to his and whispered, "You're on, Al."

A silver replica of that trophy, with a glimmering metal football mounted on its pinnacle, sits atop the console color-

television set just across from Davis's uncluttered desk. The TV is contained in a black cabinet with silver knobs—the Raiders' colors. The entire office, in fact, demonstrates Davis's pride in being associated with the Raiders. The walls, the two-inch-thick shag rug, the chairs, the desk, the leather couch, the hassock and even the filing cabinets are either silver or black.

More often than not, Davis dresses himself in the Raider colors, affecting black-and-white checked ties, matching gray handkerchiefs, black-silk sports jackets and ruffled white shirts custom-made in Beverly Hills. He likes to wear tinted eyeglasses, and what remains of his receding hairline is piled high in a greasy pompadour. He also carries some of the trinkets that one would expect of a millionaire. A diamond bracelet flashes on his left wrist, and there are diamond rings on both hands—one a legacy from his late father, the other commemorating his team's Super Bowl win. Were it not for his efforts, there probably would never have been a Super Bowl—the most widely watched event in American sports.

The eight-team American Football League started play in 1960, directly challenging the pro-football monopoly of the then-38-year-old National Football League (NFL). But after the upstart AFL's first several years of operation the

team-owners found their treasuries being drained of tens of millions of dollars by poor attendance and devastating bidding wars for name players.

The first light at the end of the tunnel came when the AFL signed a new, \$8-million broadcast contract with NBC-TV, gaining badly needed revenues and increased nationwide exposure for the new league. By 1966 most of the AFL franchises were still in the red, but television ratings and monies paid to each team by the network had leaped dramatically. Something had to be done to press that advantage.

Enter Al Davis. His hard-driving style and knack for victory impressed league officials. For the previous three years he had brought a touch of class and a feeling of pride to the chronically depressed citizens of Oakland, a humdrum city with little else to offer. Perhaps he could work a similar miracle for the AFL. "Davis would be the perfect choice [for commissioner]," said Sid Gillman, at that time head coach of the San Diego Chargers. "He'll sit up all night scheming and conniving."

In April 1966 Davis was named to the post. Throughout the spring he mounted a brash raid on the NFL—winning, dining and beginning contract talks with at least 16 of the established circuit's top players, including eight starting quarterbacks.

From the outset, Davis relished his underdog role. Observers compared him to David attacking the Goliath-like NFL establishment.

"If you study foreign affairs, you'll find there's a rule that the guerrilla wins if he doesn't lose," Davis said. "If he merely exists, he's winning. He's a thorn in the sides of his opponents. And time is on his side, because the patience of the establishment eventually wears thin."

That's exactly what happened. Rather than spend untold millions on keeping some of its key players from jumping to the rival league, NFL owners reluctantly agreed to merge with the AFL. In just two months as commissioner, Davis was able to bring to a conclusion a bitter rivalry that had lasted for six years.

Some old-line NFL owners resented Davis's unconventional tactics. But others were again calling him a miracle worker, a description that suited his monumental ego perfectly—along with other words of praise that had accompanied the official notice of his being named AFL commissioner. Upon reading an advance copy of the publicity release announcing that appointment, Davis decided that two descriptive adjectives were missing—*dynamic* and





"But remember . . . At midnight it all turns back into rat shit!"

genius. So he proceeded to pencil them in himself.

More than just his ego was involved in successfully bringing about the merger. Returning to the Raiders as head coach for the 1966 season, he was rewarded with a 10% ownership in the team. Later, he acquired 25% of the Raiders' stock and was named principal owner and chief executive officer.

Both as coach and executive, he has had the sense to realize that other egos besides his own needed stroking. Back in 1961 Davis was one of Sid Gillman's assistants at San Diego, which wanted to pick Lance Alworth, an All-American running back at the University of Arkansas, in the upcoming draft of college players. Gifted with an undeniable ability to spot raw talent, Davis intuitively felt that Alworth would make a superb pass-catcher in the pros. There was one problem though—convincing Alworth to sign with the AFL.

The two men had dinner in New Orleans before the 1962 Sugar Bowl game. Davis diagrammed plays on the tablecloth—X's, O's, arrows. He pointed to one O in particular, the one designating the position of wide right receiver. He made dots around it, marked it with a large X, circled it again and again. Alworth stared at the strange doodling.

Finally Davis said, "That is you. Lance Alworth of the Chargers. *You can be great.*" Such ego-stroking was heavy stuff for the gullible young athlete from Brookhaven, Mississippi. Alworth was hooked.

Months after joining the Chargers he learned that every player recruited by Davis had gotten the same bound-for-glory rap. His coach's prophecy nevertheless turned out to be true. In 1978 Davis introduced him to a crowd in Canton, Ohio, celebrating Alworth's induction into the Pro Football Hall of Fame.

Even his many enemies acknowledge Davis's craftiness. Soon after taking charge of Oakland, he was confronted by another All-American who said he'd play for the Green Bay Packers or no one. Davis wanted him for the Raiders; so he called the kid, making up a story that he was a scout for the NFL's New York Giants. "The Packers won't ever select you," Davis warned, "because the Giants have an earlier pick." Twenty-four hours later Davis called again, this time giving his true identity—head coach and general manager of the Raiders—and announcing that Oakland was prepared to draft the All-American too. The leagues hadn't merged yet, and the collegian figured his best bet was

going to Oakland. He'd been hoodwinked and never knew it.

On another occasion before the merger, Davis and a scout for the NFL's Dallas Cowboys met accidentally in a hotel men's room. Davis muttered a few pleasantries, then dashed to a phone and dialed the front desk. Identifying himself this time as the Cowboys scout he'd just left behind, Davis ordered all calls held until the next morning. "I'm tired. I don't want to be disturbed," he explained to the operator. Meanwhile, the scout spent the rest of the evening wondering why none of the players or agents he'd contacted were returning his calls.

After the merger, when he returned to coaching the Raiders, Davis's scheming had a more specific goal: winning games. As an example of his desire to gain even the smallest edge, he instructed Raider running backs and receivers to rub Vaseline on their jerseys whenever it seemed necessary. The slippery film would make it more difficult for tacklers to get a grip on them. On critical occasions he would go down to the Oakland-Alameda County Coliseum field (the team's home since 1966) and hose down the turf like a suburbanite watering his lawn. Davis knew that sodden grass meant slow going for speedier visiting teams.

On the cold and windy day in 1968 when his team played the New York Jets for the division championship, he arranged for a group of workmen to hastily construct a ramshackle hut to provide shelter and warmth on the Raiders' side of the field. But they conveniently vanished without quite getting around to building a similar facility for the Jets.

"He'd do anything to win, even if it meant stepping on his own mother," said a San Francisco 49er executive. "He's ruthless; yet you have to give the devil his due. He's nothing but successful."

Davis always had a reputation for being just as secretive as he was slippery. He kept coded and comprehensive tabs on rival teams in a complex filing system of his own devising. It was said that he had spies everywhere. Before a game in 1972 San Diego head coach Harland Svare jokingly suggested to his team that Davis had bugged the Chargers' locker room in the Oakland Coliseum. Svare lifted his head toward a light bulb and shouted, "Fuck you, Al. I know you're listening!" Most likely, Svare was imagining things.

But when the amused Davis heard the story some time later, he left the issue in doubt by coyly remarking, "The bug wasn't in the light bulb."

(continued on page 74)



Tipi
GOOD AS GOLD



Photography by Suze Randall





Tipi is an actress who specializes in erotic roles. She wouldn't have it any other way. "I'm proud of my sexuality," she says, "and nothing gives me more pleasure than to know that men all over the country are getting off on me." Although she's proud of her acting talent, Tipi doesn't pretend that her on-camera sex scenes are just work. The writhing of her luscious body and the moans of ecstasy during her sizzling sex scenes are real. "I love sex at any time," she says, "but there's something about having the camera on me that makes it especially exciting. It's like making love to thousands of men at once."













HUSTLER'S HONEY • DECEMBER 1980



Two Polacks were out hunting rabbits one day. After a spell, one turned to the other and exclaimed, "I have just *got* to take a shit!"

"Don't tell me about it!" his friend answered. "Just go behind some trees and do it!"

"But I don't have anything to wipe my ass with," the first Polack said, doubling over in pain.

"Just use a dollar," the second Polack suggested to his friend.

The first Polack dashed off behind some trees and returned a short time later with shit smeared all over his arm.

"Hey, I thought I told you to use a dollar to wipe your ass," said his friend.

"I did," the first Polack replied. "Three quarters, two dimes and a nickel."

Question: Why does the Pope wear swimming trunks in the shower?

Answer: Because he doesn't like to look down on the unemployed.

A hungry little boy and girl were sitting on the curb outside a ghetto bar when a policeman approached them and asked, "Why is that little boy crying?"

"An old drunk just came out of the bar and threw up all over us!" the little girl said.

"Well, then, why are you smiling?" the cop asked her.

"Because I got all the big pieces!" she said.

The **HUSTLER** Dictionary defines *tongue-in-cheek* as: a rimjob.

A young woman called her doctor and said in a deep voice, "Listen to me. I think you gave me too many hormone injections."

The physician replied, "Don't let that worry you, miss. It's a normal reaction and will disappear in a few weeks. Are there other symptoms?"

The voice said, "Yes, I've sprouted hair between my breasts."

The doctor said, "That *is* rather unusual. How far down does the hair go?"

The voice responded, "All the way down to my testicles!"

Question: Why did the farmer trade his wife for a new shithouse?

Answer: The hole was smaller, and it didn't smell as bad!

A GI, on his last day in the Army, was called into the colonel's office. When the colonel asked him how he felt about the military, the GI responded, "Well, sir, the Army is a lot like a blowjob: The closer you come to discharge, the better you feel."

The young newlyweds staying at a lush hotel in Mexico City were given the honeymoon suite. "You will like this room very much, *señor*," said the bellhop. "However, I must warn you not to leave your wife unguarded in bed."

"Why?" asked the bridegroom.

"Because," the bellhop replied, "Speedy Gonzalez will have sex with her and be gone in the wink of an eye. So beware!"

The young couple enjoyed a leisurely dinner,

then returned to their suite. As they settled down to sleep, the groom decided to stay awake and watch for Speedy Gonzalez. *I'll fix that little bastard!* he thought, as he put one arm around his sleeping wife and his other hand into her crotch, sliding his middle finger into her slit. "Now," he murmured, "Speedy will have to move on to someone else's cunt!"

Just then a fly settled on the groom's nose. He pulled his finger out of his wife's snatch to flip the fly away, then instantly thought of his wife and jabbed his finger back into her crotch.

Suddenly he heard a strange little Mexican voice saying, "*Señor, por favor—get your finger out of my ass!*"


A man went to a doctor for a routine checkup. When it was over, the

doctor said, "You're in perfect health, Mr. Smith, but you've got the dirtiest balls I've ever seen."

The man left the doctor's office and went straight home. On his way into the house he called to his wife, "Honey, come in the kitchen for a minute. I've got something I want to talk to you about."

His wife shot back, "I can't come and talk now. I'm so busy, I don't even have time to wipe my ass."

"That's just what I want to talk to you about," the husband replied.

HUSTLER Humor jokes are sent to us by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, how about sending it our way? Submit your joke on a file card, mailed in a sealed envelope, to: **HUSTLER Humor**, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067. If your joke is selected, we will send you \$50. Sorry, but we can't return your submissions. 

HUSTLER HUMOR



...and if you think
that's funny...

CHESTER & HESTER



"Oh, listen, dear . . . He's playing our song!"

PROFILE: AL DAVIS

(continued from page 60)

The key to the man is his insatiable need to have the upper hand. Consider the Al Davis handshake. "It's done with the fingers held apart and rigid so his little hand will seem bigger," said Lee Grosscup, onetime pro quarterback and former Davis publicity man. Grosscup also claimed Davis tried to convince people that he was an inch taller than his actual 5-11.

"You don't have to be devious, but it helps," said Davis, an avid reader of history and an armchair quarterback in the game of world affairs. "They've said of every great leader of my time that he's devious—from Roosevelt and Churchill to Eisenhower, Kissinger and Mao."

Another component of Davis's talent for winning has been his ability to light fires under problem players. Odd-men-out on other clubs—mavericks like himself who clashed with coaches and bitched about low salaries or alleged racial discrimination—have clicked for the Raiders because Davis treats them like grown men, with respect. His devotion to winning has made him place a high premium on players who put the team first, ahead of their own personal welfare. He's like a demanding lover, taking a lot—but giving back as much or more in return.

"Football is not an easy game to play," said Davis's executive assistant, Al LoCasale. "Al knows that people bust their butts, that they bleed, that the sport is a bitch. When somebody has gone to war and bled for you, there's a certain closeness—an empathy. Al's policy has always been to reward success. That's why the Raiders are the best-paid team in pro football."

Added Cleveland Browns head coach Sam Rutigliano, a longtime Davis acquaintance: "He inspires uncommon loyalty in his players, and vice versa. He's also intensely loyal to friends he's made on the way to the top. He's never forgotten where he came from."

Al Davis was born on the Fourth of July 1929 in Brockton, Massachusetts. His father, a wealthy textile manufacturer, moved the family to Brooklyn, New York, when Al was five. Davis played all sports at Erasmus Hall High School, excelling in none. Weighing only 150 pounds, he had to rely more on brains than brawn. The biggest thing he had going for him was guts; he was a fighter, a rugged competitor from the start.

"When he had the ball, he wasn't going to lose it," said Al Badain, Erasmus Hall's basketball coach. "Al and a few other guys once complained that they weren't getting enough play-

ing time. At Al's insistence we arranged an intrasquad game between the first and second teams. The first-stringers, who won the city championship that year, annihilated Al's team. After that I didn't have any trouble with him."

A few years ago, when the Miami Dolphins played the Raiders in a playoff game, Badain flew into Oakland, and Davis sent a chauffeured limousine to meet him at the airport. The ex-coach and his most famous second-stringer had drinks at San Francisco's posh Mark Hopkins Hotel. "He asked me how Erasmus was doing," Badain remembered. "I mentioned there weren't any funds for decent equipment. Later, Al sent \$250, in addition to some old Raiders gear. This guy just can't do enough for you."

Davis still dreamed of making it as an athlete after enrolling at little Wittenberg College. "Football had become an obsession with him," said Herman Masin, his friend of 30 years. "It was his romance. He didn't just play—he had to know everything about the game." Davis's plan was to prove himself as a player at the small Ohio school and then parlay that into a playing position on a major university's football team. "But he simply wasn't good enough," said Masin. "He wasn't outstanding, physically. He was just another guy."

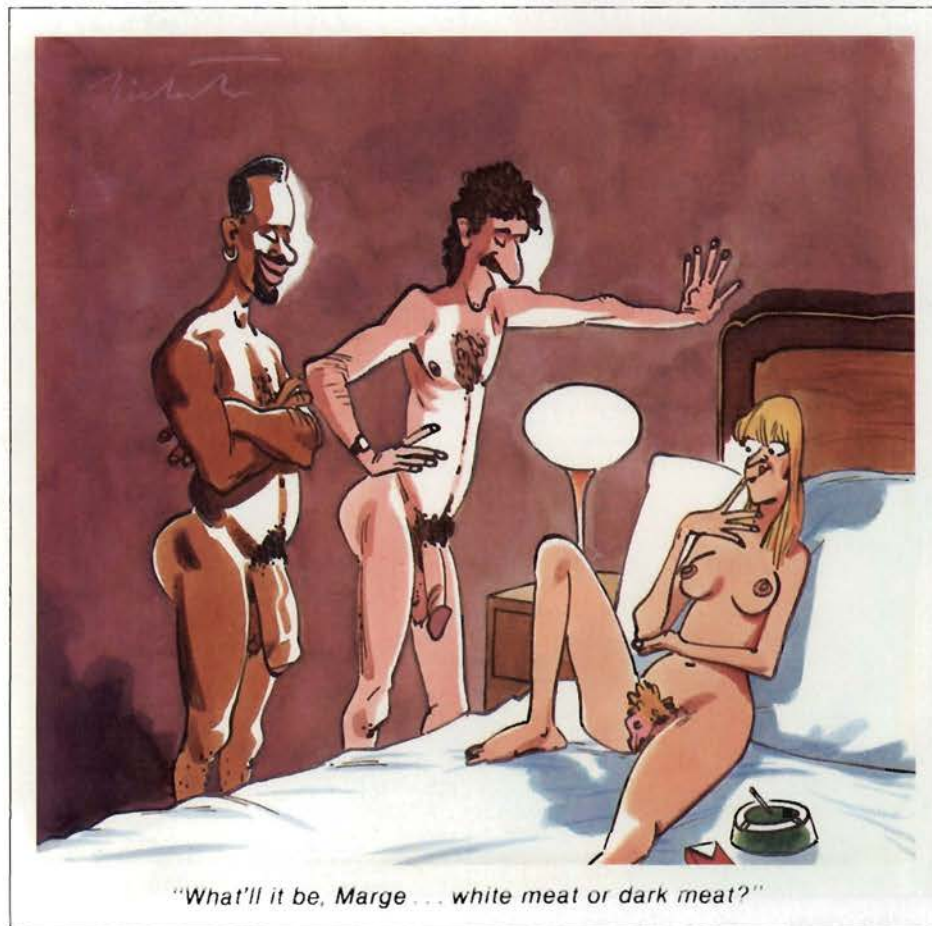
Davis transferred from Wittenberg to Syracuse University anyway, where—according to the Raiders' publicity department—he played football, basketball and baseball. A writer who had been close to him reported that Davis earned junior-varsity letters in the first two sports, although Syracuse denies it. At any rate, Davis graduated with a degree in English. But he was thinking sports all the time.

When it became obvious that the closest he'd get to the playing field was the sidelines, Davis briefly considered using family money to buy his own minor-league baseball club in West Virginia for on-the-job experience in coaching and sports administration. His baseball plans never materialized, however, because no matter how much he psyched himself into believing that all sports turned him on, football alone was the game that had gotten into his blood.

So he enrolled as a graduate student in English at Adelphi University, a small school on Long Island. There he began spending much of his time hanging around the football practice field, making sounds like he knew the game. When a vacancy arose, he was offered a low-paying job as assistant line coach, and he grabbed it.

"He seemed to generate a lot of en-

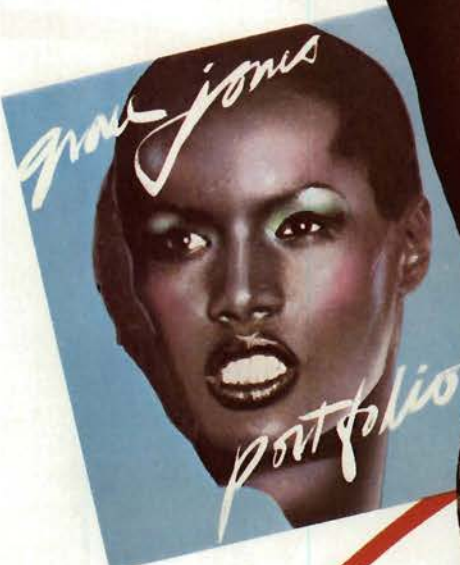
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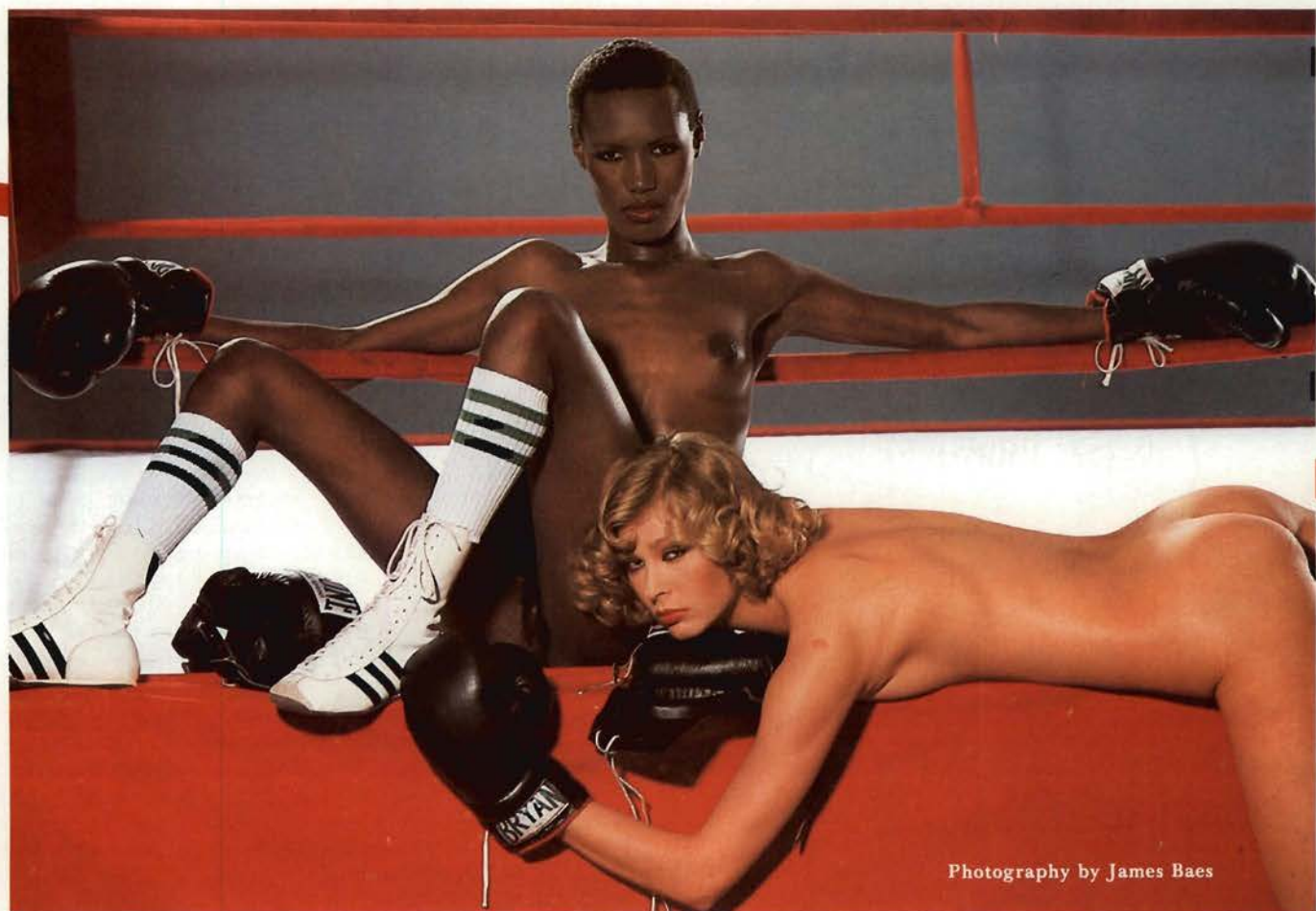


Grace Jones

The press calls her "Amazing Grace," and she's appeared everywhere—from the cover of *Vogue* to a four-page photo-essay in *People* magazine. She's a six-foot disco goddess who's topped the record charts with hits like "I Need a Man" and "Do or Die." Now the Island Records superstar is making her first appearance in *HUSTLER*. These never-before-published photos of the sleek and sensual Grace Jones give her the kind of exposure that's bound to make her a bigger hit than ever.







Photography by James Baes

PROFILE: AL DAVIS

(continued from page 74)

thusiasm among the kids," Adelphi coach Ed Stanczyk recalled. "They believed in him right away, because he had a very convincing manner and an awful lot of energy. It was contagious. He worked long hours when he wanted to get something done. The guy had a brilliant mind. He wanted to find a way to give offensive teams problems by occasionally using four defensive men on the line of scrimmage instead of six. Some people back then thought that was heresy. Now your pro people and some colleges use it all the time."

Davis had a friend at Adelphi who knew Herman Masin, the editor of *Scholastic Coach* magazine, a publication geared to the science of coaching. In 1953 he printed a Davis article on "triple-line quarterbacking," a new system for calling blocking assignments at the line of scrimmage—a simple way to conduct a more complicated process.

"People started writing in," said Masin. "They wanted to know more. A lot of coaches heard about him. He wrote four or five articles in all. I couldn't understand how he knew so much. He told me he went to every major football clinic [seminars where interested parties can absorb the wisdom of

well-respected coaches]. It became fairly obvious he was going to be somebody. He was very ambitious too."

It was at Adelphi that Davis wooed and won his wife-to-be. "Before we were married, I told Carol what football meant to me," he once said. "I told her that only two things could take me away from football—life or death." What he meant was, her life or his death.

While thousands of men his age went overseas to fight the Korean War, Davis was drafted into the Army and assigned to Fort Belvoir, Virginia, as head coach of the post football team. "It became the best service team in the country," said Masin. "He'd walk around without a uniform, and the players would salute him, even though he was only a buck private." When Davis was in uniform, he wore an officer-type hat, and the new recruits concluded he was somebody important.

There are various yarns about the sweet deal Davis made for himself at Fort Belvoir. One story has it that he had his own car and driver, slept until noon and ate better than anyone else. Another insists that he spent as much time on the road looking for football-playing recruits as any college or professional scout would. Whatever the truth, the GIs were 8-2-1 under Davis and defeated the University of Mary-

land's national collegiate champions.

At the same time, Davis took advantage of Fort Belvoir's location to get in touch with top Baltimore Colts officials, who hired him as a professional scout in 1954. The following year, based on Davis's information, the Colts acquired some of the greatest players ever to wear a Baltimore uniform, including legendary fullback Alan Ameche. Davis was only 24, and his reputation as a recruiter was growing.

He next popped up as an assistant coach at The Citadel, a military college in South Carolina. Detractors said that Davis attempted to solidify his position there by naming his only son, Mark, after the school's superintendent, World War II General Mark Clark.

"I couldn't be with my wife the night our son was born," said Davis, shaking his head in retrospect. "I never saw him the first week of his life because I was busy coaching football. I regret that deeply." He was also unable to get along with the head coach and left at the end of just one season, after helping The Citadel to its best record in 13 years.

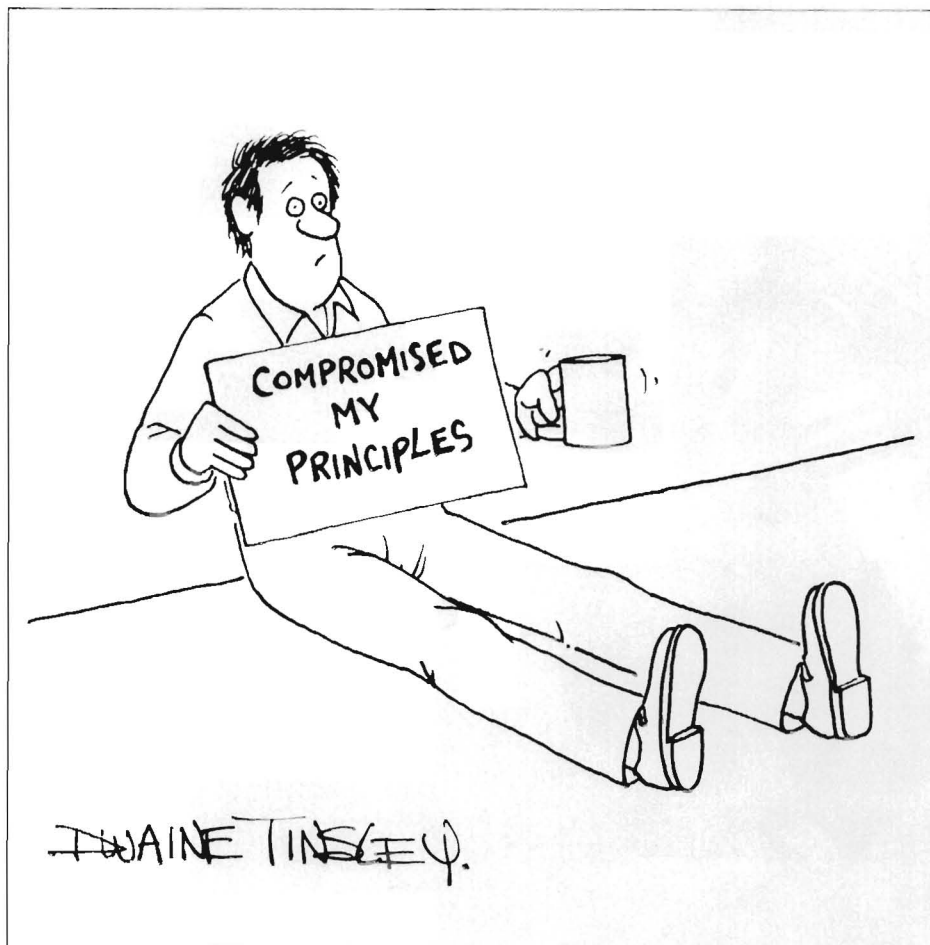
In 1957 he took a natural step forward for an aspiring young coach, switching to a football powerhouse—the University of Southern California. While Davis was coaching the Trojan defense in 1959, one of the team's running backs accidentally rammed his hand into a University of California defender's face, breaking the would-be tackler's jaw. Cal charged dirty play, causing USC head coach Don Clark to take a lot of unwarranted criticism.

In the middle of the controversy USC's president, Norman Topping, made a public apology. The Trojans lost their final two games, and Clark resigned, outraged by the school's apparent betrayal. Davis himself left USC after coming under fire for using his own money to fly a prospective high-school quarterback from Pennsylvania to California, in violation of National Collegiate Athletic Association rules.

Within months, Davis reached what was to become a turning point in his career. Graduating from the college ranks to the prestigious pros, he joined the Los Angeles Chargers of the newly formed American Football League as an offense coach. "He thinks he's the smartest shit in football," head coach Sid Gillman told a visitor to the Chargers' summer camp. "He's not now, but he's going to be."

The Chargers, which moved to San Diego in 1961, dominated the AFL's Western Division two of the three seasons Davis was with the club. In 1963 he departed for Oakland, after that

(continued on page 88)



JOHNSTON B. WANKER INSTITUTE SPERM BANK



"Uh, Doctor . . . I think the lady wants to make a deposit!"

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A photograph of a person sunbathing on a lounge chair. The person is lying on their back, with their legs bent and arms raised. They are wearing a dark blue towel. The lounge chair is also covered in a dark blue towel. The background is a light-colored wooden fence. A graphic of a thermometer is overlaid on the image, with the word 'KELLY' in large yellow letters and 'warming up' in smaller orange letters. The thermometer is positioned vertically, with the red bulb at the top and the red line rising up the scale.

KELLY

warming up





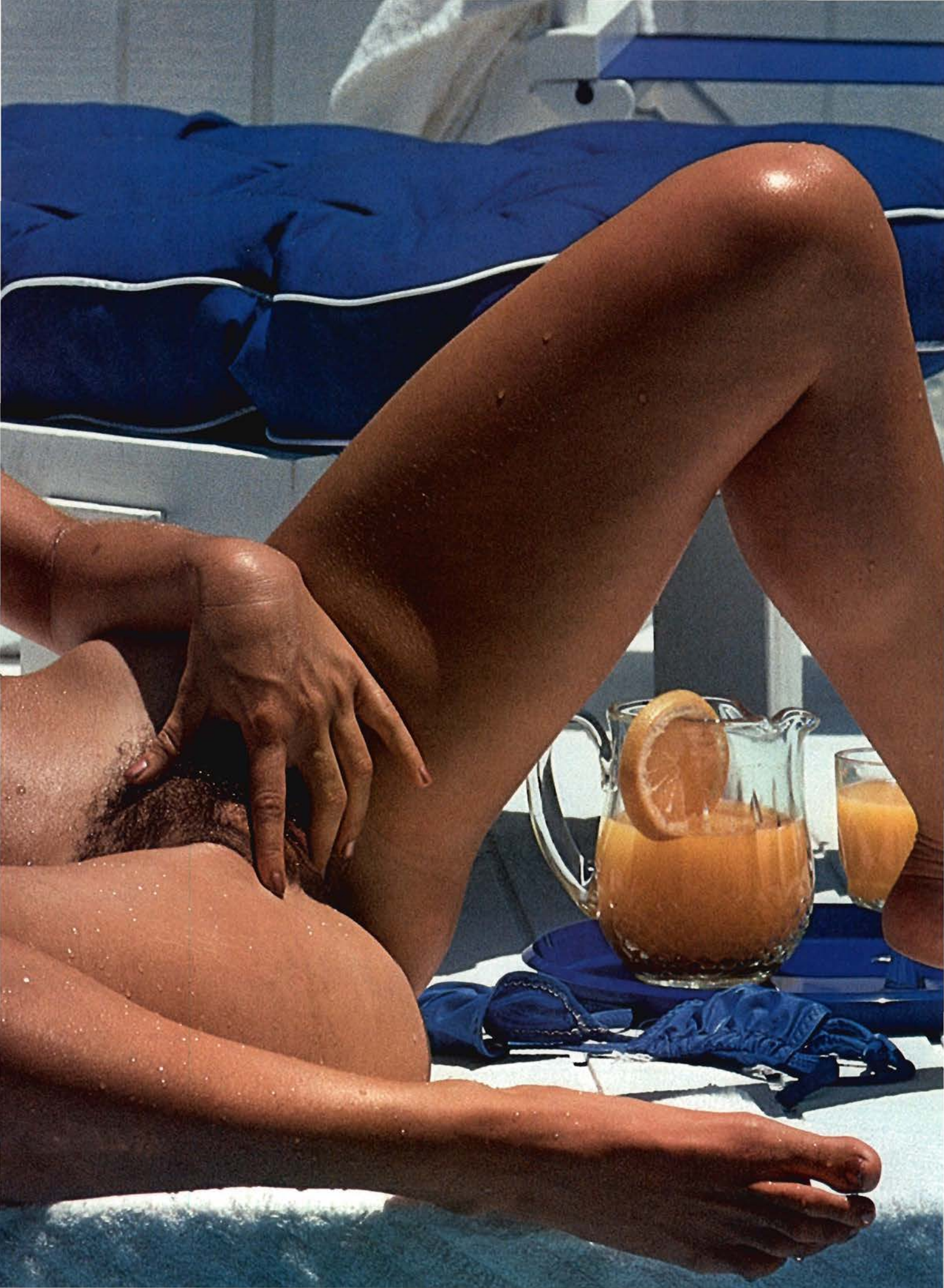
Kelly is a sun-worshipper. Covering her sleek, tan body with lotion, she loves to spend long, languorous hours by the pool as she surrenders herself to the power of the sun's rays. A California girl, she admits to a certain obsession with nude sunbathing. "Frankly," Kelly says, "It's a turn-on. After a few hours of soaking up the sun, I can feel my body softening. I get that same weak, vulnerable feeling that I do in a man's arms just before making love." In fact, her desire for a man peaks toward the end of her sun sessions, and she always makes sure she gets one. "After all," Kelly smiles, "I'm already warmed up."











PROFILE: AL DAVIS

(continued from page 78)

beleaguered franchise's principal owners, Wayne Valley and Ed McGah, made him an offer he could not refuse. Money wasn't a factor; Davis had inherited a bundle from his father. He stubbornly turned down two previous offers before accepting a three-year deal that guaranteed him—as coach and general manager—total control of the Raider operation.

"When I was in college, my motivation was glory," said Davis. "But now it's power."

In the prosperous years since then the Raiders' dominance has brought Davis all the tangible dividends he could desire—the various homes, the long, black Cadillac, the tax-shelter investments to protect his six-figure annual income. Coming after his nearly three decades in football—as scout, coach, general manager, league commissioner and team-owner—the decade of the '80s should have been a time for relaxation and contentment.

But as he neared the age of 50, a disturbing trend in the business of pro football was making Davis nibble even more on fingernails already bitten to the quick. Star players just out of college

were demanding—and receiving—multimillion-dollar contracts. Seeking similar compensation, veteran players were asking that their already-hefty salaries be renegotiated.

Davis immediately foresaw that the Raiders would have to take in significantly more dollars at the box office if they were to successfully compete with the richer teams in the league. But the Oakland Coliseum, the Raiders' home field, is 20% smaller than almost all of the other stadiums in the league. And city officials had refused to make promised improvements on the Coliseum that would enlarge its seating capacity and lead to increased revenues.

It was then that Davis decided that, in order to survive, he would have to move his football team to another city. The logical site was Los Angeles, where the long-entrenched Rams had recently made a sweet financial deal for themselves by moving 26 miles down the freeway to suburban Anaheim. Early last year Davis made a bargain of his own with the Los Angeles city fathers. By playing their 1980 home games in the Los Angeles Memorial Coliseum, the Raiders would earn more than \$4 million in additional revenues.

The reaction in Oakland was predictable. Davis's desire to move south was

said to be motivated totally by greed. Emotional fans complained that Davis was selling them out. His supporters, on the other hand, contended that he had every right to maximize his profits; that the American free-enterprise system means that a property-owner is free to realize the largest possible payoff on his investment.


Season-ticket sales in Los Angeles had already begun in March of this year when NFL Commissioner Pete Rozelle—Davis's longtime adversary—stepped in, asserting that such a move was in violation of the league's constitution. Transferring the Raiders could not be accomplished, he said, without approval of 21 of the 28 team-owners. And the overwhelming majority of owners had never forgotten that the AFL/NFL merger was crammed down their throats by Al Davis. They were known to detest both his personality and his individualistic way of doing business. Predictably, they voted against his inheriting such a lush territory as Los Angeles.

Mounting a counterattack, Davis filed a \$160-million antitrust suit against the National Football League. "All I want is what every other owner has had the right to do—play their games wherever they want to," he said. "Most of them have moved at least once to different towns or stadiums."

The judicial nightmare intensified as the NFL retaliated with a barrage of countersuits that resulted in a temporary restraining order, and later an injunction, compelling the Raiders to play their 1980 games in Oakland. "The league has instigated taxpayer suits, ticket-holder suits and even tried to have our club placed in receivership, which is what you might do for a mentally incompetent owner," Davis complained. "I am supposedly known as the old street fighter, but their tactics make me look like an angel."

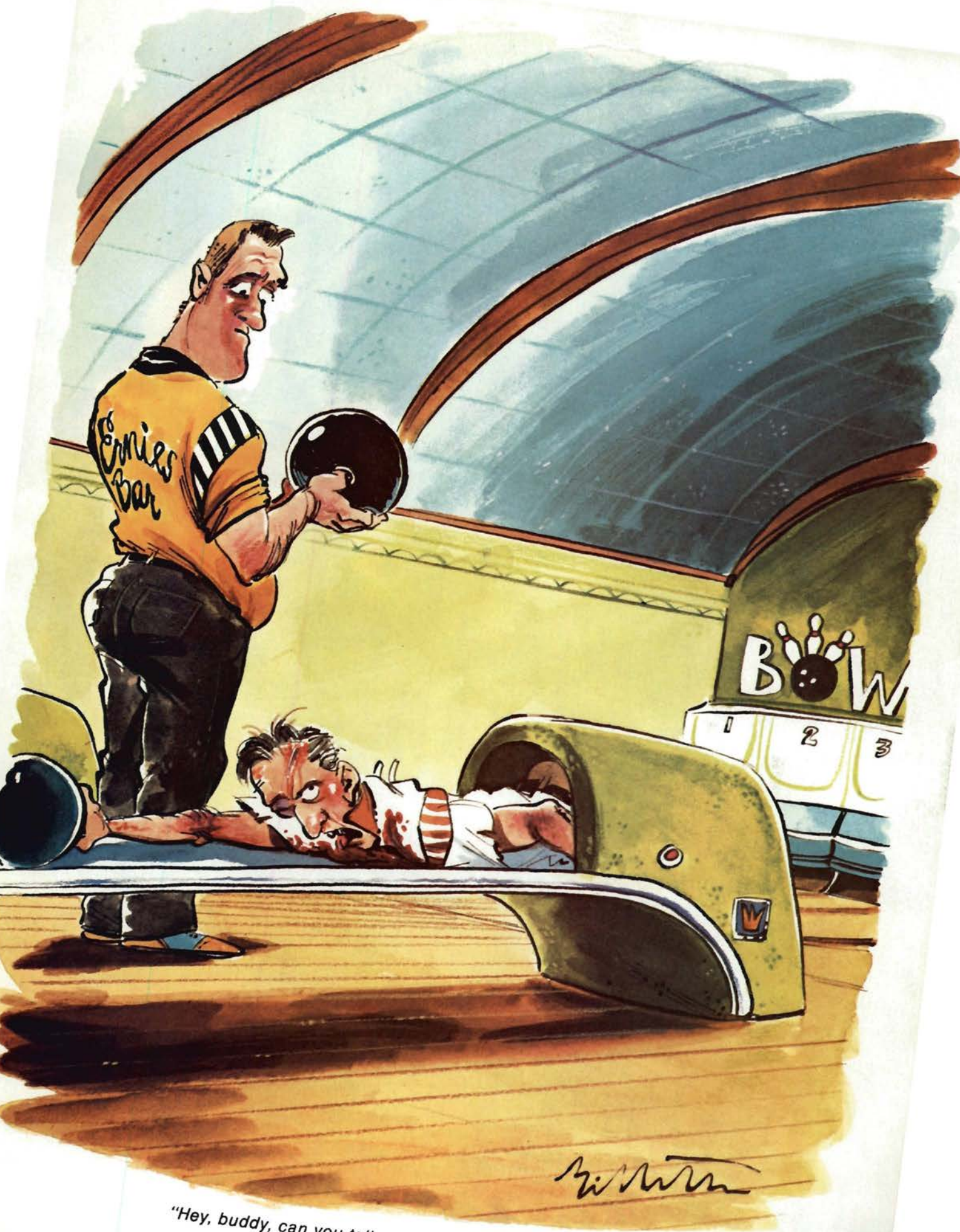
Davis's lawyers, nevertheless, seemed confident that the move to L.A. would finally be approved by the courts in 1981. But meanwhile, their client was facing his biggest gamble ever. By testing the NFL constitution, he was risking the loss of a franchise worth upward of \$30 million.

Through it all, Davis has displayed his usual gritty determination. "The only thing that matters in sports and war is who wins," he observed. "It's such a vicious struggle, you're almost afraid to lose. But I'm not only going to survive—I'm going to dominate."

If he succeeds in winning the right to make the 400-mile trek from the blandness of Oakland to the glitter and gold of Los Angeles, Al Davis will have worked his latest miracle. 



"Look ... I don't mind dating a girl with a bad complexion, but do you have to look in my direction when you yawn?"



"Hey, buddy, can you tell me if I picked up my spare?"



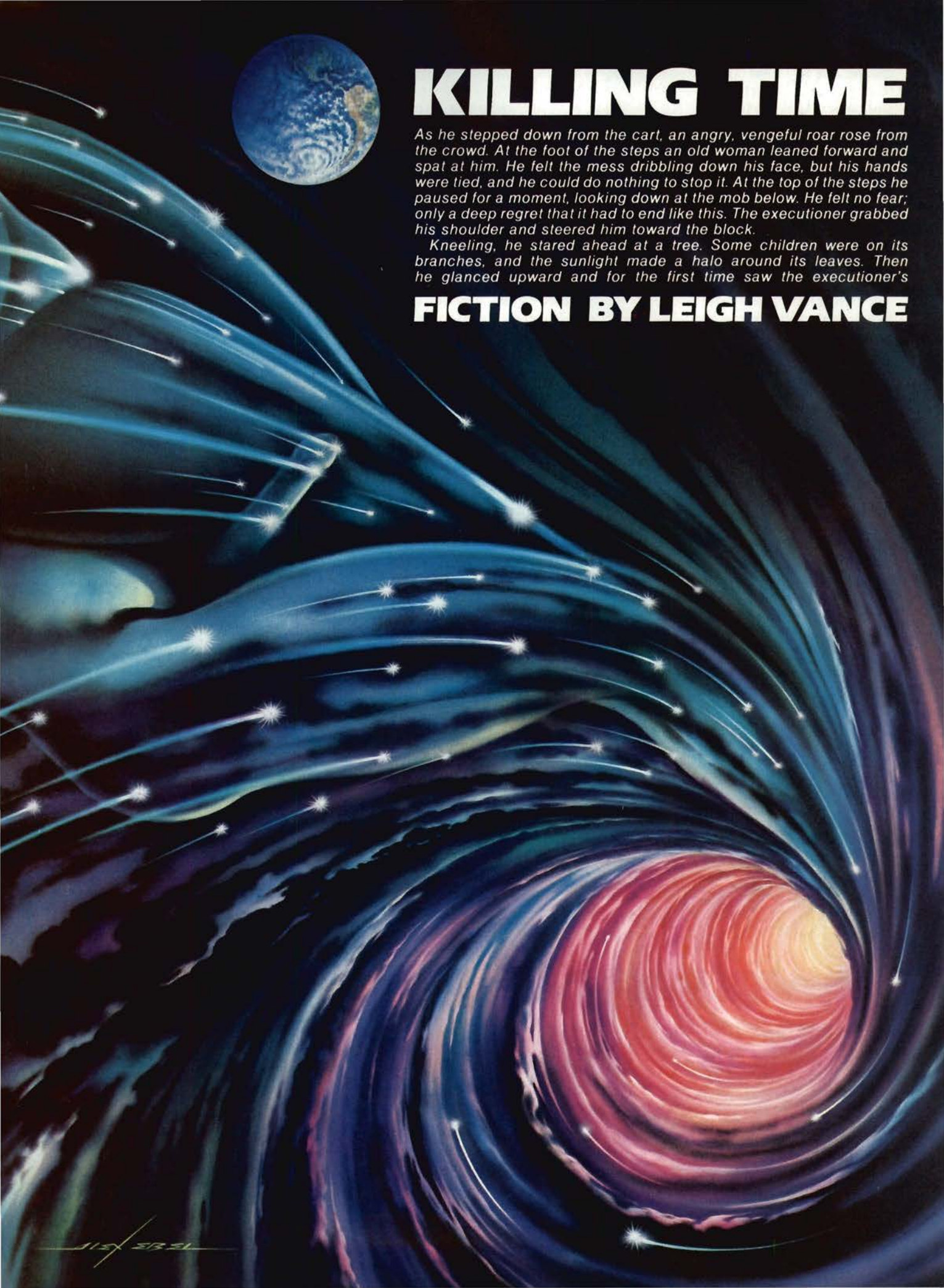


KILLING TIME

As he stepped down from the cart, an angry, vengeful roar rose from the crowd. At the foot of the steps an old woman leaned forward and spat at him. He felt the mess dribbling down his face, but his hands were tied, and he could do nothing to stop it. At the top of the steps he paused for a moment, looking down at the mob below. He felt no fear; only a deep regret that it had to end like this. The executioner grabbed his shoulder and steered him toward the block.

Kneeling, he stared ahead at a tree. Some children were on its branches, and the sunlight made a halo around its leaves. Then he glanced upward and for the first time saw the executioner's

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115/5821

face. Behind the mask that covered the man's eyes it blurred suddenly, taking on the features that had haunted him through so many nightmares—a face he had come to call Kolto.

The executioner pushed his head down onto the block. Now for the first time the doomed man felt his entrails knot with fear. A few inches below him the boards were stained, and there was the musty stench of dried blood.

He heard the sound of the ax whistling through the air. There was a moment of unbelievable wrenching agony; then he was in a long, dark tunnel, falling into blackness. Suddenly a face appeared in front of him. The leering, evil features of Kolto seemed to gloat over him as the animal baying of the crowd dwindled away to nothing...

Jay awoke with the familiar lurch into consciousness. His head ached, his mouth was dry, and the residual fear from the last few moments of the dream lay on his stomach like lead. Rolling out of bed, he staggered to the bathroom and stared at himself in the mirror. His eyes were puffed and hollow, his face splotted with red marks where he'd lain on a rumpled sheet. That *damned* dream!

At his Hollywood office the In tray on his desk was piled high with papers. The pink pages were in from his TV series, *Coffin*, and he checked them routinely, noting that the producer had made the

changes he'd requested. That done, he found a memo from Shumway marked, "Yours, I think."

Attached was a letter from a woman in Memphis, who was displeased with a *Coffin* episode aired the week before: "We have been regular fans of *Coffin* since it began, but after last night's show we shall never watch it again..."

Plowing on, he found the cause of her complaint: "In the scene in which Coffin meets the lady professor, he plainly has an erection! What kind of network are you running, allowing such filth on the air?"

Wearily Jay pressed the intercom. Miss Juttner's gravel voice came on with its barely veiled air of hostility. He told her to arrange a screening of the *Coffin* episode entitled "They Came by Night" for the next day.

By the time he arrived at Dr. Bagdasarian's office, he was wrung dry. Settled into the familiar club chair, he recounted his latest dream. Bagdasarian listened quietly.

"D'you recognize the period of history?" the psychiatrist asked him.

"French Revolution, I assume."

"And the executioner was Kolto?"

Jay leaned forward urgently. "Doctor! What's it all about? Why am I getting these nightmares?!"

Bagdasarian shrugged one shoulder slightly. "Don't you know?"

"If I did, I wouldn't be here!"

"You appear to have a massive self-

destructive guilt about something. In all the dreams this... Kolto... is killing you in some way."

"Who is he?!"

The doctor took off his glasses and pursed his lips thoughtfully. "My guess is—he is yourself. For some reason you have done something so loathsome, you subconsciously desire to kill yourself."

"But *what*? I'm not conscious of—"

"That we shall have to discover." He scribbled a prescription. "Meanwhile, this is a little stronger. It will help you sleep more soundly."

Jay left the medical building with the usual sense of unfulfillment. It helped to tell someone about his problem, but nothing Bagdasarian said had stopped the dreams or even explained them in a way he could accept. They'd begun about three months earlier, after a particularly heavy couple of weeks when the department had been short-staffed. Each dream had taken place in a different period of history, and each time he had either killed or been killed by a man whose face always became Kolto's.

When he got back to his apartment, there were two messages and one hang-up on the telephone-answering machine. Shumway wanted him in early the next day, and the producer of *The Restless Heart* had called—not urgent. The hang-up followed a strangled feminine gasp. He dialed Rusty's number. "You called?"

"I wanted to remind you about the wine."

He had forgotten their dinner engagement. "I picked up a bottle on the way home," he lied, hanging up.

Rusty lived in a singles apartment in Marina Del Rey—where, they claim, the good life begins. The good life in her case included paper-thin walls, defective plumbing and a constant roar of traffic.

The other guests were there when Jay arrived. A tall, stoop-shouldered man of about 30, called Leon, and a dark-haired girl in her 20s. "I'm Zohra," she greeted him, holding out her hand briefly before turning back to her companion. She ignored Jay until they were at the table. "I assume you're a lawyer," she said, running a cold eye over him.

"Television executive," he said. "Not half as well paid, but twice as valuable to the community."

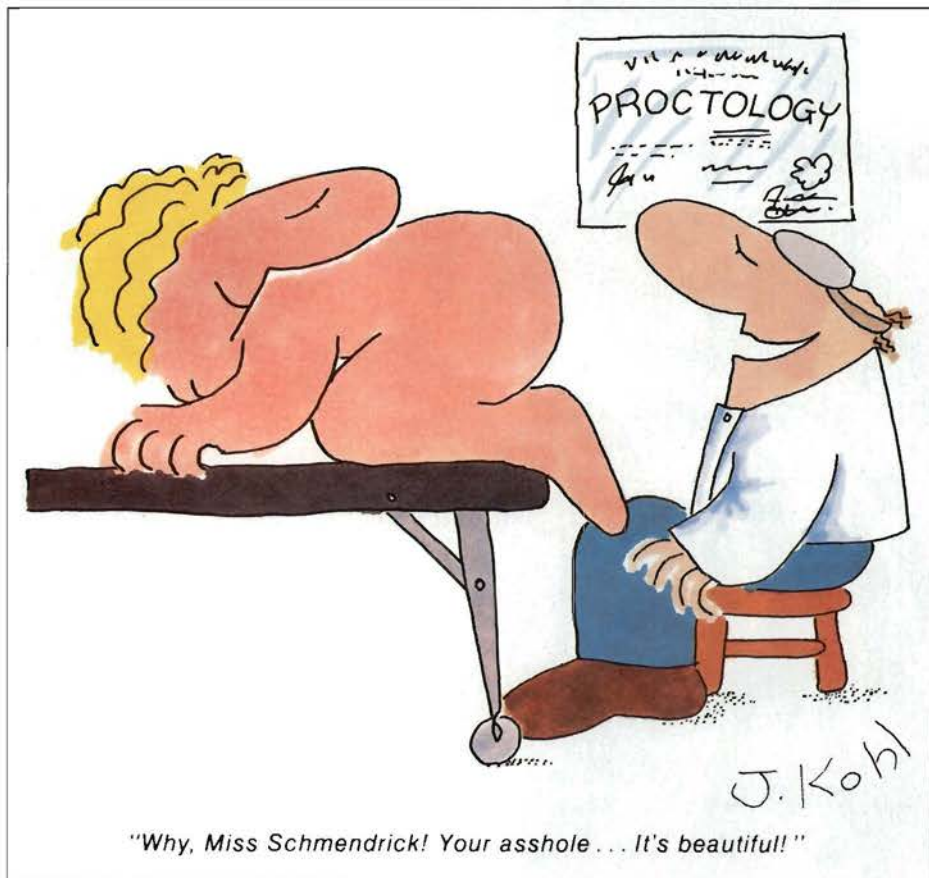
She didn't crack a smile. "I never know what an executive does."

Rusty leaned across to them. "Jay is in the Program Standards Department," she said proudly.

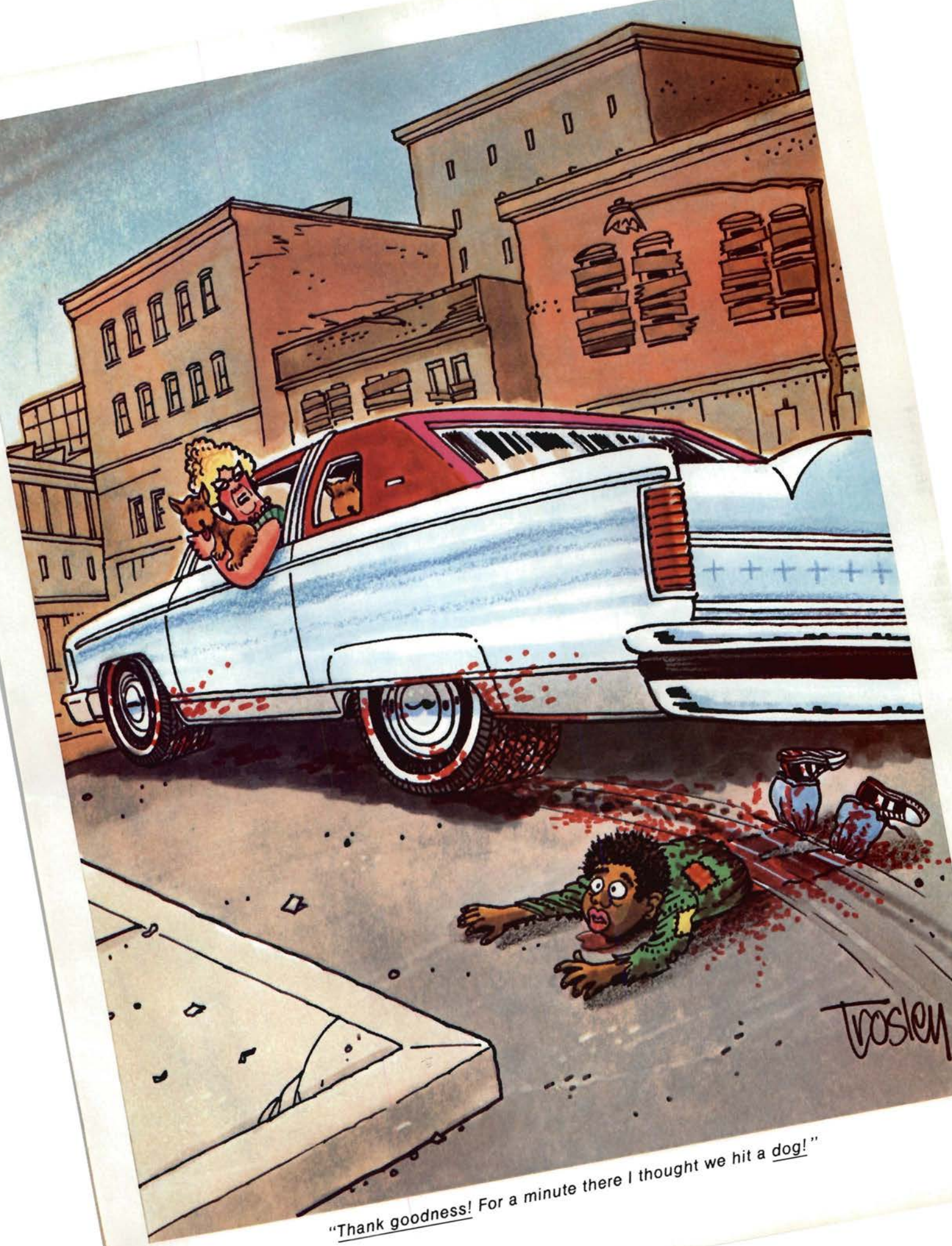
Zohra's lip curled. "A censor?"

"That's not how the job is described," Jay responded.

She sniffed. "Keep America safe for
(continued on page 102)



"Why, Miss Schmendrick! Your asshole... It's beautiful!"



"Thank goodness! For a minute there I thought we hit a dog!"

BREAKFAST



IN BED

Dawn breaks, awakening within them the passions of the night before. They touch again, renewing their intimacy. Are they friends or lovers? They realize it doesn't matter, as their tender bodies entwine and each girl's full breasts rub against the other's. All that matters this morning is their intense physical desires. Boldly, they satisfy those desires. They wonder if a man could ever understand.















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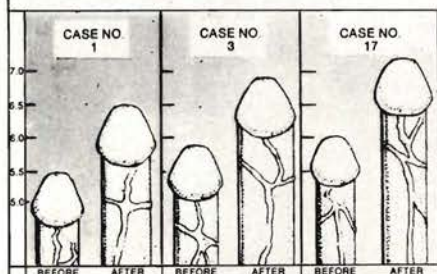
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KILLING TIME

(continued from page 92)

no-necks by banning four-letter words, while you allow a million people a week to be slaughtered on the screen."

Rusty came to his rescue. "Jay works on *Coffin* and *The Restless Heart*. No guns."

"No guts either," said Zohra. She ignored him for the rest of the evening.

That night he didn't dream at all. He awoke feeling light and fit, and did ten minutes with the dumbbells to celebrate. Later he sat in a screening room, watching Reel Three of "They Came By Night."

He drafted his reply to the lady from Memphis in longhand. "An exhaustive examination of the print reveals that what you took to be an erection on the character of Coffin was a shadow cast by a candle on the table between the two actors in the scene. In any event, I should remind you that Coffin in the show is a robot, constructed of aluminum. There is no way in which the physical reaction of which you complain could show on the screen through the costume worn by the actor. In any event, Mr. Ty Dongieux, who plays Coffin, assures me you were mistaken." He gave the letter to Miss Juttner and told her to route it through to Shumway for approval.

He was due at Dr. Bagdasarian's at 5:30. He stuffed the yellow pages of *The Restless Heart* script in his briefcase and stood up. For a moment it felt as if he had been struck on the head. Blood swirled in front of his eyes. There was a rushing sound in his ears. Then it was as if his consciousness had torn through a curtain of mist and fog. He was actually in another time period...

The man was short and stocky, not more than 5-6, but enormously strong. He was naked and wild, with a ferocious gleam in his eyes. He came in slugging and slapping with deadly intent. As the blows connected, Jay felt himself crash backward into a rock. His head whirled, and stars erupted in front of him. Then the man was on him, ripping off his toga, which was all he was wearing. Jay felt hands clawing at him, kneading his breasts, savaging them with teeth, followed by a moment of excruciating agony between his legs...

Dr. Bagdasarian tapped his teeth thoughtfully. "According to your statement, you have no homosexual tendencies or experiences?"

"Right."

"I suggest you are deluding yourself. Perhaps this is a deep-seated desire finally coming to the surface?"

Jay sat up angrily. "I tell you, the man raped me in front. I was a woman."
 "Such transferences are not at all uncommon," the psychiatrist continued. "Your mother had a profound influence—"

"Doctor!" Jay cut in. "In the vision—I can't call it a dream—I was that woman. I felt everything she felt."

Jay got out of the chair and moved around. "It's bad enough at night. If I'm going to have them during the day, where's it going to end?" He faced the doctor desperately. "I can't take much more of it. I'll... I'll..." He felt tears come and choked them back.

Dr. Bagdasarian escorted him to the door. "Did the pills help?"

He'd forgotten to have the prescription filled. He mumbled something and went down to the drugstore on the ground floor. While waiting for the sedatives, he thought about what the doctor had said. It wasn't true. He'd never had a homosexual thought or desire in his whole life. "Crap," he said.

"Extraordinary!" He heard a rather husky voice. "You sneak away to Rex-all's to shout, in private, words you forbid the American public to hear over the air."

Zohra was standing next to him. He realized he'd spoken out loud. Her hair was clustered tulip-shape around her face. She wore a dark-green suit with boots and matching bag, and she was studying him with something very close to contempt. Suddenly he felt it important to talk to some remote but intelligent person, even a hostile one. He managed a smile. "Sometimes the pressures get to you. How about helping me relax over a drink?"

She paid for her purchase, then looked at him with dark-velvet eyes that were not at all amused. "I suppose I am now to be slobbered over and ravaged to bolster your faltering sense of masculinity?"

"I said a drink; that's what I meant." Her gaze was cool and calculating. After a moment she said, "On the understanding that your girl Rusty is my best friend, that I never go to bed with anyone for at least 48 hours after I meet them, and that I loathe butter-blond men with bushy big sideburns like yours—why not?"

From that high point it went rapidly downhill. For some reason Jay seemed to aggravate her. When they were sitting over their drinks in Mario's, she began to needle him about his work, wanting to know exactly what he did.

"I'm responsible for overseeing *Coffin and The Restless Heart*."

"Overseeing?"

"Watching for profanity. Keeping the violence within acceptable limits."

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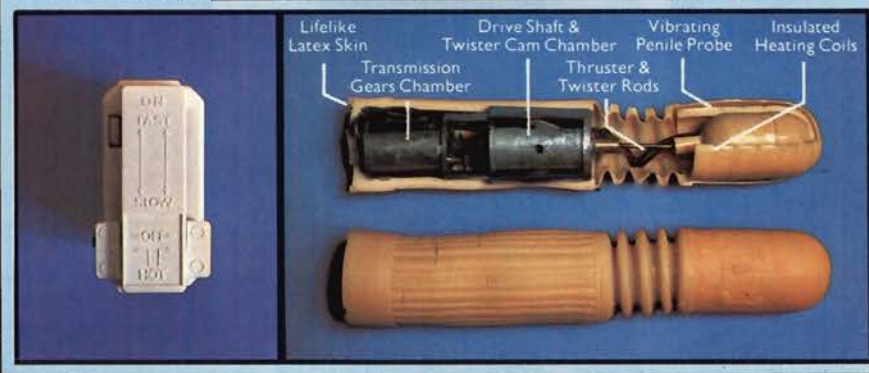
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SEXY SEKA and her dark-haired girlfriend are BORED STIFF stuck in their romantic, snow-covered Ski Cabin, so they decide to GET STUCK BY SOMETHING STIFF instead! The guy that they invite by gets a lot more than he bargained for and their chalet gets HOTTER than the FIREPLACE as they FUCK ALL NIGHT LONG!!

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"And what are 'acceptable' limits? In your opinion."

"It's not my opinion. We follow network guidelines set down by a panel of experts."

"Experts on what?"

"The effect of violence on human behavior. Particularly children."

"Your shows come on at nine and ten o'clock. How many children are watching then?"

"About 11 million—which is why we have to keep the violence average down."

Zohra sipped her drink. "What's Coffin's violence average?"

"Three-point-seven incidents per show."

"Point-seven of an act of violence?"

He laughed. "Sounds crazy, but that's how it works out."

Curiously, after their second drink she raised no objection to going back to his apartment. He'd assumed from her manner that she'd be one of those women who'd play the coyly reluctant role, forcing him to take the initiative and thus the "blame." Was he in for a shock! As they entered his small, untidy bedroom, she gave one scornful glance at the chaos and began sliding out of her clothes, finally stepping out of her panties and lying back on the bed enticingly.

Zohra had an outstanding body. Large breasts with pink nipples, erect now like small missiles in the darker silos around them. Her legs were slightly apart, revealing the lush, dark forest of her pubic hair. Her skin had an ivory sheen that seemed to glow with its own radiance.

Jay felt himself swelling and hardening as he studied her. Flicking off the light, he began to climb out of his own clothes. Instantly she turned it on again. "We are not going to a commercial," she said sharply, leaning up on one elbow so that her breasts shimmered and three clean lines bisected the pure satin of her stomach. "I like to see what I'm getting into—and what's getting into me!"

Embarrassed now, Jay crawled onto the bed beside her. She put her hands inside the elastic band of his Jockey shorts and slid them expertly down over his thighs, staring at his fast-hardening penis curiously. "Hello, little friend," she said.

"Little!"

"It's a term of affection, not of disparagement."

She caressed his penis with her hair, sweeping the long, dark tresses up and around him, cupping his testicles with one cool hand before taking him in her mouth. After a while he disengaged himself, rolling Zohra over on her back.

(continued on page 110)

Beaver Hunt

The holiday season is approaching, and that means everyone will be taking lots of pictures at parties and family gatherings. So while you've got your camera handy, why not snap some spirited photos of your favorite Beaver? HUSTLER pays \$50 for photos of gals or guys published in *Beaver Hunt*. And there's always a chance your Beaver will be selected for an

extended photo-feature at professional-models' rates. All photographs become the nonreturnable property of HUSTLER Magazine. Send your entry to HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067. Use the model release on page 110 or a facsimile, and fill it out clearly so we'll know where to send your \$50.

Photo by Boyfriend



Lori Lomas is a 23-year-old shipping clerk at a Newark, Ohio, factory. Her favorite hobby is playing Frisbee, and she has always dreamed of appearing in a HUSTLER photo-feature.

Photo by B. L.



A bookkeeper from Evansville, Indiana, 19-year-old S. S. plays softball and sunbathes nude in her spare time. Her wish is to make love in the boxcar of a moving freight train.

Photo by Husband



Tammy Justice, a 19-year-old shop worker from Durand, Michigan, lists sunbathing, dancing and sex as her favorite hobbies. She fantasizes about "being eaten out for hours and making love until I scream."



Melanie, a 24-year-old accountant from Chicago, Illinois, loves to dance, ski and ride motorcycles. Her sexual fantasy is to "fuck on a public park bench while a crowd watches."

Photo by Jim Simpson



Mobile, Alabama, is home to Rose Towery, 20, a deckhand on a boat who enjoys running, tennis and sex. Her fantasy has always been to appear in HUSTLER.

One for the Ladies

Photo by Dee Clay



Wilfredo De La Paz is a 24-year-old carpenter from Oakland, California, who enjoys dancing and reading *HUSTLER*. His fantasy, to appear in *Beaver Hunt*, has now come true.

Photo by Don



A designer and dressmaker, 41-year-old Janette from Auckland, New Zealand, says interior decorating and traveling are her two main hobbies. Her favorite fantasy is to make love on a moonlit beach.

Twenty-three-year-old Dee Dee Merchant, a Virginia Beach, Virginia, waitress, likes horseback riding, sunbathing and camping. She dreams of being able to seduce and captivate anyone she chooses.



Photo by James Hill

Photo by Boyfriend



Pamela, a 29-year-old who works in public relations, lives in Ringgold, Georgia. She enjoys sky diving, fishing and playing the piano. Her secret fantasy is to become a call girl.



Photo by Jon L. Nolton

Twenty-one-year-old Patricia is a Lincoln, Nebraska, waitress who likes to swim and watch movies. Oral sex in the 69 position on a waterbed is among the things she fantasizes about.

Photo by Melford Renfrow



Freda Nall is a 27-year-old housewife from Roseville, Michigan, whose hobbies are photography and collecting T-shirts. She fantasizes about making love to her boyfriend while riding on his Harley-Davidson motorcycle.

Photo by S. R. Savoye



Howell, New Jersey, is the home of Midnight Mike, a horny orangutan who dreams of getting it on with Jessica Lange while King Kong watches.

Photo by J. K. Collins



Lorie Osborn, a 22-year-old laundry worker from Portland, Oregon, says her sex fantasy is to make it with two guys and a girl.



Photo by Clyde Rowland

A housewife from Pontiac, Michigan, 23-year-old Robin Collins likes to fish and listen to music. Her sex fantasy is to "make it on a hot beach while smothered with baby oil."



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BEAVER HUNT MODEL RELEASE



Beaver Hunters, here is the model release you must send to us with your entry in HUSTLER's amateur photo contest (see page 105). Models should be shown totally nude. Faces must be visible in photos. Novelty photos will be considered. Mail to: HUSTLER Beaver Hunt, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067.

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Include separate sheet if necessary

Photographer _____

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Model's Legal Signature _____

Date _____

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KILLING TIME

(continued from page 104)

Then he slid her buttocks up over his thighs and entered her from a kneeling position. As he did so, her legs tightly entwined themselves around his back.

Swiveling her beneath him, he felt a surge of almost-superhuman power, slamming into her with a force that sent her breasts into swirling circles of delight just below his eyes. Zohra's legs were still wrapped around Jay as he rocked her back and forth before again plummeting down upon her so hard that her eyes snapped open with a kind of feverish intensity.

"Fuck me!" she said urgently. "Fuck me *now*!" Her voice trailed off into a guttural shriek, and she arched her back in a shuddering spasm.

He released the tight hold he'd been keeping on his own passion and joined her as they thrust and rolled together in a convulsive frenzy.

When it was over, he lay physically exhausted but emotionally uplifted, savoring the musky smell of her skin. He was more alert now than he'd been in a long time.

"What was that?" she asked. "Point-seven of an act of love?"

"It's never too good for me the first time," he joked. "I'll get better."

She laughed as she lit a black oval cigarette with a gold tip. "Don't be insecure. You do it like an Arab. All that rage and frustration climbing over me. Most exhilarating."

A while later she said, "What about your little cheerleader?"

"Rusty? It's nothing permanent."

"I should think not, if you go around screwing every woman you meet." She ran her finger along his jawline as if committing it to memory. "What is it about you? You're everything I detest in a man."

She was a violinist, picking up a day's work here and there at the studios, doing film scores. Her grandparents were White Russian. "They were on the last train to leave Moscow before the Bolsheviks took over in 1917. Unfortunately, the train was going in the wrong direction. They spent six years in Siberia before escaping to Hong Kong, by which time they were destitute. My grandmother worked as a whore to earn the money to come here."

Zohra insisted that he drive her back to her apartment in Westwood so she could feed her Siamese. In a daze, he left her there. For all her unpredictability, she was the most fascinating woman he'd ever met. He couldn't wait to see her again.

The next night he went to Zohra's place. She was whirling around the

kitchen in a kimono, cooking shish kebab. He leaned over the stove to give an admiring sniff; then suddenly he heard the now-familiar rushing noise in his ears and sensed himself being catapulted down that long, dark tunnel...

He felt the flanks of the pony heaving between his legs. He was filled with hate for the white man who had invaded and stolen his land. The Conestoga wagons were just ahead through the scrub—with two families eating their evening meal, quite unaware of danger.

He gave a yell. The braves around him surged forward. As they charged in a howling, screaming mob, he could see the white men scrambling for their weapons. He hurled his spear and saw it impale a woman as she bent to scoop up a child. One of the men fired, and he felt his pony stumble, hurling him forward. He rolled easily onto his feet, a knife in his hand.

The white man was frantically trying to reload or clear a stoppage in his rifle. Jay leaped at him with a ferocious cry. The man swung his useless gun like a club. Jay felt his nose shatter, and blood filled his eyes. The white man had him down, throttling him. Jay recalled the rape of his sister and the insults to his family. With a huge effort he fought his way out of the man's grip and smashed him backward.

Straddling the white man with a savage leap, Jay raised his knife and plunged it deep into that bearded throat. As the blood gurgled up, the man's hate-filled eyes went blank, and his face suddenly blurred and changed into Kolto's...

When he came out of it, Zohra was kneeling over him, more affected than he'd ever seen her be. She helped him onto a couch and brought him a cup of herb tea. Something about her evident concern triggered him off. Apart from Bagdasarian, he hadn't mentioned the dreams to anyone. She listened attentively, arms clasped around her knees. When he finished, she said, "The first thing is to dump that shrink."

"He's very well-qualified."

"He's a phony, like all of them. A hundred bucks an hour to tell you it all started because you didn't want to leave the womb."

"I've got to have help, Zohra. I'm going out of my mind!"

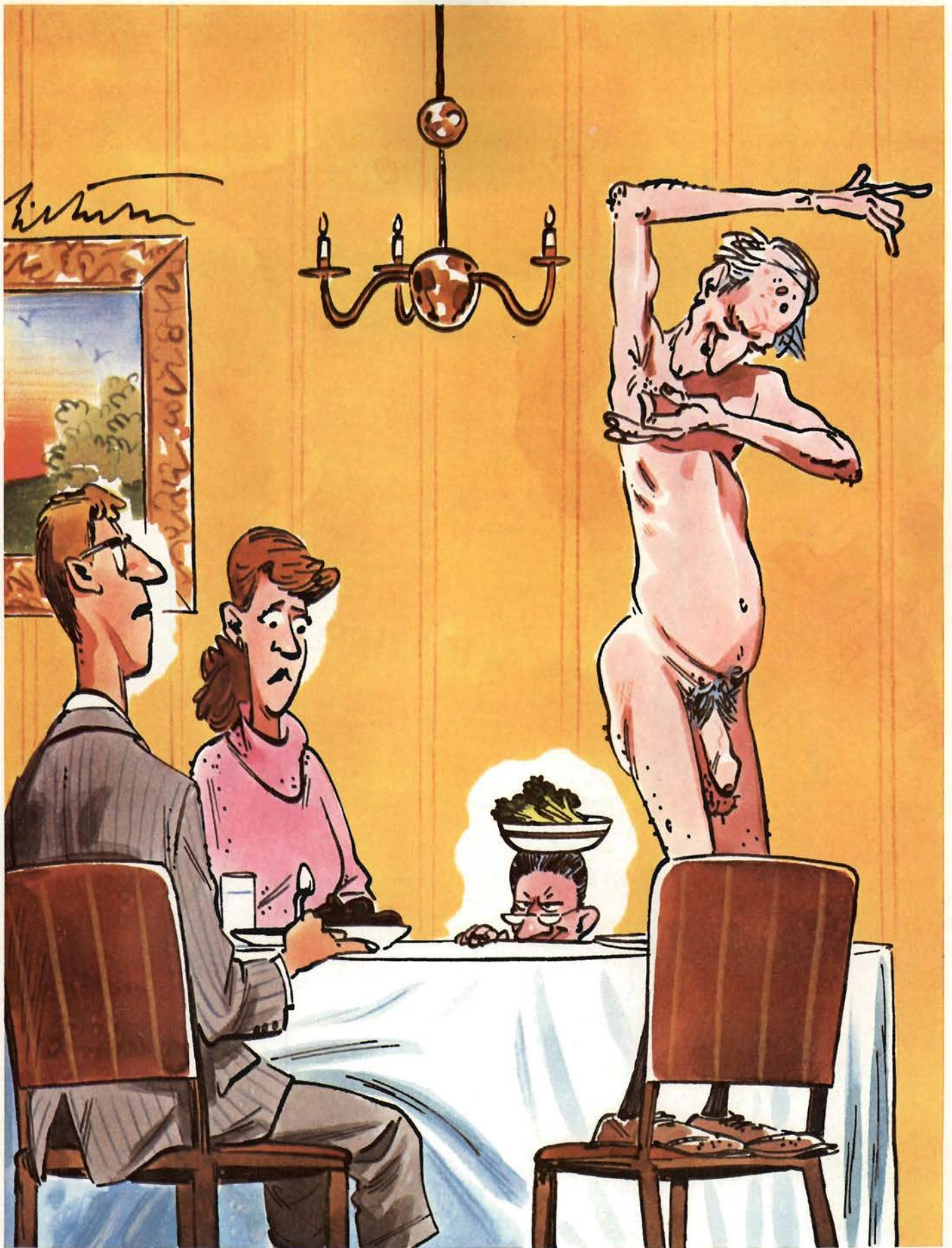
"It's got nothing to do with your mind!"

"What, then?"

"Your soul."

She sent him to a psychic friend of hers, another White Russian. Mrs. Antrobus lived in Silverlake, in a white

(continued on page 129)



"You have to face it, Irene. Your parents are senile!"

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I'm a shoe salesman who has never thought of himself as a writer, much less an author of sex stories. But if the shoe fits, wear it, I always say. About two months ago I had a strange, highly erotic experience, and I thought HUSTLER's readers would like to hear about it.

I work for a nationally known shoe-store chain in a small city along the Hudson River. When I started out in this business, I figured there was a lot of opportunity for advancement. Unfortunately, by the time I realized there wasn't much future in selling shoes, I'd already invested ten years in the company and was hesitant to give up all my benefits.

One diversion that has kept the job interesting, though, is the prospect of seeing the inside of a woman's thigh, the outline of her cunt under her panties—or in rare instances an honest-to-goodness beaver. After all, my women customers are sitting in a chair with one foot up on my stool, and I'm sitting down almost at eye-level with their crotches.

If this silver lining has a dark cloud, it's the fact that most women who want to show off their charms to a shoe salesman will never see 40 again. Most of the young women who come into the store these days either wear designer blue jeans, or else they're very modest about the area above their knees.

But one afternoon a tiny, porcelain-skinned brunette dropped by, sat down and primly closed one shapely leg over the other. She was somewhere in her early 20s and couldn't have been more than five-feet tall. And her foot size, I noted automatically, was about a 5—very small for a girl, much less a grown woman.

I greeted her warmly, sat down on my stool and asked her what she was looking for. She asked if we carried any flat-heeled oxfords.

Now, I pride myself on being more than just another guy pushing shoes. I like to make suggestions to my customers, especially if I think a particular style

Kinky Korner is a column written by our readers—one person's report on his or her personal kink. We do not necessarily support the validity of every statement made here or agree with the writer's opinions. Our purpose is to present honest sexual experiences that will help to open a healthy dialogue among our readers. HUSTLER pays \$100 on publication for six-page, double-spaced (typed or neatly printed) manuscripts. Please include a stamped, self-addressed envelope.



TOE JOB

by Charles Horton

would look good on them. I tried to talk this little slip of a girl out of a flat shoe, telling her that a high-heeled pump or one of our new wedge-heeled shoes would add a couple of inches to her height. But she politely explained that she didn't care for heels and that she didn't mind being short.

The brunette placed her tiny left foot in my hand so I could check her size. Her foot was as white as paper, laced with little blue veins on the instep, and her toenails were finely trimmed and lacquered a pearly pink. I studied her delicately shaped foot for what must have been more than a few seconds, because she asked me if something was

wrong. I told her that I couldn't help but admire her great-looking feet.

She blushed a little, the first sign of color I'd seen in her. I rested her foot on my stool, setting her heel in place against the stop, and slid the marker up. As I'd guessed at first, she was a size 5, double-A.

The oxford she'd asked for was one of our most popular lines, and I brought out several pairs in different colors. I laid the boxes beside my stool and sat down, anxious to minister to her foot. It wasn't like me to get excited about feet, but somehow the fine bones and exquisite shape of her foot captivated me. I took my time with this girl, savoring the feel of her soft skin.

After trying on several pairs, she decided she liked the beige canvas ones. I was holding her bare foot between my legs and making small talk with her when suddenly I felt a hot stirring in my groin. Looking down, I could see that she was brushing my crotch with her toe, moving it in a small, circular motion. When I glanced up at her pretty young face, a glimmer of a smile was noticeable on one side of her mouth.

I tried to say something, but my throat felt dry and clogged. Her foot was still brushing, now almost rubbing, against my crotch. Before I realized it, she actually made me come! I pushed my

knees together quickly, trapping her foot there, and bit my lip, trying to hide my pleasure from the seven or eight other people who were moving and sitting within a few yards of us. When the small, hot blasts ended, she pulled away her foot, slipped it into her old shoe and grinned at me.

She said she'd take the pair of oxfords and got up.

As I stood up, I noticed a huge wet spot on my slacks; so I put her new shoe in the box with the other one and carried it to the cash register, holding the box by my crotch. It stunned me that she acted so natural and calm, as if nothing had happened.

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When she left, all she did was smile and say thanks.

I grabbed several shoe boxes and pretended to carry them into the back room, holding them in front of me as I hurried into the employees' bathroom to clean myself up. My stomach was churning with excitement now that my embarrassment was over. I sat down on the toilet and waited for my pants to dry a little, while I lamented not having asked that beautiful customer her name.

At seven o'clock we closed up, but I stayed late because it was my night to clear the cash register. I was getting ready to leave when I saw someone knocking on the door. She'd come back!

I let her in and locked the door behind us. She told me her new shoes felt a little loose and asked if we had them in a triple-A. I mumbled that we did.

Since I had turned off most of the lights, it was dim as we went toward the back of the store. I was afraid the pounding of my heart would knock the boxes off the shelf. She sat down in the seat closest to the rear, and I brought a pair of triple-A oxfords over and sat down in front of her.

When I took off her shoe, she wiggled her toes at me. I dropped one of the narrower shoes, took the delightful little foot in both hands and slipped two of her toes into my mouth. They were cool and delicious and clean. Running my tongue between them, I could tell there was no lint or toe jam there. In fact, her foot seemed slightly scented with perfume.

She had slid down in the seat, spreading her legs a little, and she began to moan in low tones—more like long gasps than moans—as I continued to nibble and suck at her toes. In the dimness the area under her dress was dark and mysterious. I slowly ran my right hand over her ankle, up her inner calf, past her bent knee and beyond. When my hand reached her panties, they were moist and hot.

Lovingly I tongued her toes and then the rest of her luscious foot. The girl squirmed and made little hooting noises, somewhere between giggles and ecstatic moans. In one writhing motion she rolled out of the chair and ended up on the carpet, coaxing me down with her. I felt her tugging at my shoes. She pulled them free, peeled off my socks, and then engulfed my big toe with her mouth.

At that point I abandoned her foot and hurriedly pulled off her panties. "What are you doing?" she asked coyly, scurrying away. I crawled after her on my hands and knees and caught her near the door to the storeroom, where I rolled her on her back, pulled up her skirt

and pushed my face between her legs.

Her cunt had a sweet, pungent taste, the kind you can't get enough of. I took her swollen clit between my lips, sucked in cool air around it and blew my warm breath on it. She went crazy, thrashing her arms around.

When she finally climaxed, her high-pitched voice split the quiet of the store. She lay there catching her breath, as motionless as a rag doll, while I licked my way back down her leg to her feet, pulled them together and worshipped them like little idols. I tasted them, gloried in their smooth shape and in the soft way they felt, like a baby's skin.

"Oh," I told her, "I love these feet of yours."


She sat up, gently tugged me toward her and planted her warm lips against mine. Then she lay back down, scooting under my legs until her face was beneath my crotch. As she rubbed it, I unbuckled my belt and rolled onto my side to take my pants and underwear off, and then straddled her.

I put my hands under her head, tilting her face up to me. Her lips slipped silently over my cock, pushed down as far as her small mouth would allow, and pulled back. Her saliva glistened in the dim light coming from the front of the store.

As she continued to suck my cock, I leaned forward in a crouch, settling on my forearms. I felt her probing and poking at my asshole, gradually slipping inward and giving me an incredible sensation. But I could feel both of her hands tightly gripping my thighs, and I realized that it was her *toes* that were slipping into my asshole! She had tightened herself into a ball as she blew me and had worked her tiny foot into my crack.

Her lips brought me closer to an orgasm, and as I relaxed my entire body, she worked her foot into my ass even farther. I could feel at least two of her toes, maybe three. She was giving me that feeling of complete ecstasy you get from taking a good shit, and at the same time she was gulping my cock, sucking and tonguing it. When I finally came, it felt like I shot off enough cum to fill a size-12 boot.

This little lady and I have since become good friends. For the most part we've kept our social lives apart because we're both married to other people, but at least two or three times a week she comes in to try on a new pair of shoes. And some evenings, when I'm closing the register, she'll come back to make a formal complaint about her shoes. And then we play footsie.

You'd be surprised how much my outlook on selling shoes has improved. 

Honey

HONEY HAS COOKED HER THANKSGIVING CUSTOMERS A FABULOUS MEAL... AND NOW THE GIRLS ARE PROVIDING DESSERT!

HONEY, EVERYTHING I'VE EATEN TONIGHT HAS BEEN ABSOLUTELY DELICIOUS!

ALL IT TOOK WAS SOME SPICES, SOME HERBS — AND A CRANBERRY DOUCHE!

I ATE TOO MUCH!
I CAN'T MOVE!

I SINK
I AM BEING STUFFED
BY A TURKEY!

NO, THE YEAR! TOMORROW IS THE FIRST OFFICIAL SHOPPING DAY OF CHRISTMAS!...

WHAT?
MY TONGUE?

... AND WE'LL HAVE TO FIGHT THE CROWDS WHEN WE RETURN THAT LINGERIE TO MAZY'S DEPARTMENT STORE!

THE CROWDS AREN'T THE ONLY THING WE'LL HAVE TO FIGHT...

I LIKE A MAN WHO'S TIGHT!

... MR. MAZY IS A SKINFLINT ABOUT REFUNDS —
REAL TIGHT!

IT'S GOING TOO FAST!



NEXT DAY —
HONEY AND THE
GIRLS ARRIVE
DOWNTOWN!

WOW! LOOK
AT THE CROWDS!

ZEEZ EEZ
MADNESS!

PLOP!

?????

MAAAAAA!

BUY ME
SOMETHING!

DONATION,
JACK?

TRIP!

THE ONLY THING PEOPLE
THINK ABOUT AT CHRIST-
MAS IS MONEY! THERE'S
NO SPIRIT OF GIVING—
ONLY TAKING!

GIMME
DAT PURSE!

Help SANTA
SEE again!

SKULL & CROSSBONES

THE GIRLS
FINALLY ENTER
MAZY'S — THE
BUSIEST STORE
IN TOWN!

EARLY
XMAS
BARGAINS

LEGGO OF THAT!
I SAW IT FIRST!

MY
BABY!

WAAAA!

BUY NOW
WORRY
LATER.

Get that **XMAS GLOW!**
POLYSTYRENE NATIVITY SCENE
with **DAY-GLO** HOLY INFANT
SHINES IN THE DARK!



BUT THERE IS ONE PART OF THE STORE WHERE THE WARMTH OF THE SEASON IS KEPT ALIVE!

NOW, THAT COULD BE THE REAL SANTA!

TALK with SANTA

MMM! I KNEW YOU'D HAVE SOMETHING IN YOUR SACK FOR ME, SANTA!

HONEY, YOURS IS THE BEST CHIMNEY I'VE EVER COME DOWN!

LATER, THE GIRLS OVERHEAR THE STORE-OWNER, MR. MAZY, GIVE SANTA THE HEAVE-HO!

I TOLD YOU - GET THE BRATS TO NAG THEIR PARENTS INTO BUYING OUR TOYS! BUT ALL YOU DO IS GIVE AWAY MY CANDY! YOU'RE THROUGH! GET OUT!

OFFICE J.P. MAZY

WHA-!?

AWWWW!

AS HE GETS HIS HAT FROM THE EMPLOYEES' LOCKER ROOM, SANTA IS SURPRISED BY THE GIRLS, WHO HAVE DECIDED HE NEEDS SOME CHRISTMAS CHEER!

WE HEARD ZAT GREEDY MR. MAZY FIRE YOU, SANTA...

... SO WE'LL UNWRAP YOUR PRESENTS EARLY THIS YEAR!

AFTERWARDS, SANTA GETS READY TO LEAVE THE STORE AND JOIN THE UNEMPLOYED!

GIRLS, I WISH YOU COULD BRING A LITTLE WARMTH INTO MR. MAZY'S COLD HEART!

MMM! SANTA, THIS LINGERIE I'M RETURNING MIGHT JUST DO THE TRICK!

HONEY LEADS THE GIRLS DIRECTLY TO MR. MAZY'S OFFICE!

BUT, MR. MAZY, THESE UNDIES ARE TOO SMALL!

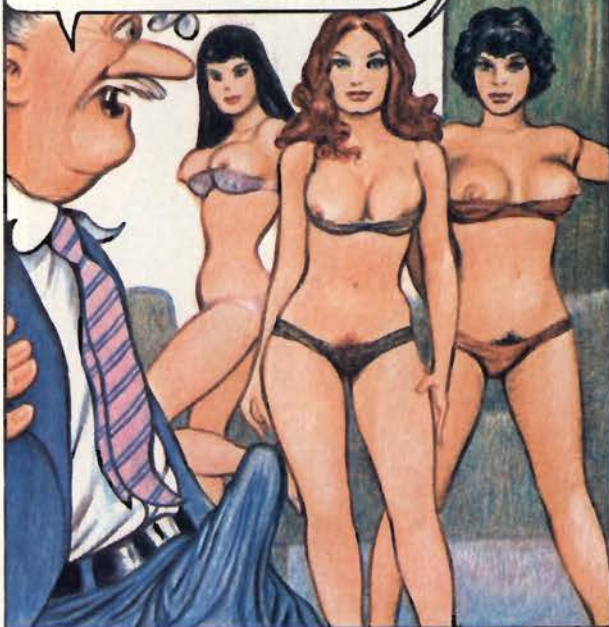
I'M SORRY, MISS! I DO NOT GIVE EXCHANGES OR REFUNDS TO ANYONE! I HAVEN'T MADE MY FORTUNE BY GIVING MONEY AWAY!

I GUESS WE'LL JUST HAVE TO SHOW YOU!

THE DOORS ARE LOCKED, AND THE GIRLS SHOW MAZY JUST HOW **BAD** THE UNDERWEAR FITS — AND HOW **GOOD** THEY LOOK!

SEE HOW SMALL THEY ARE, MR. MAZY? NOW HOW ABOUT THAT REFUND?

WELL, I — UH — I DON'T —
—ER— I DON'T USUALLY...



FEEL THIS! IT'S SO TIGHT, IT COULD AFFECT MY CIRCULATION!

MINE TOO!

IT'S NICER TO GIVE THAN RECEIVE, MR. MAZY!

I... I... I...



WHEN HE EMERGES FROM HIS OFFICE, MR. MAZY IS A CHANGED MAN!

YOU'RE RIGHT! IT IS BETTER TO GIVE THAN RECEIVE! I'D FORGOTTEN HOW GOOD IT FEELS! YOU CAN HAVE THE REFUND!

THAT'S THE SPIRIT!



HONEY FINDS SURPRISE GIFTS FOR HERSELF AND MR. MAZY FROM A CERTAIN JOLLY FELLOW.



NEXT MONTH: HONEY CELEBRATES CHRISTMAS WITH A TRIP BACK TO THE BIRTH OF CHRIST!

This column's purpose is to help you order by mail. We advise our readers on how to conduct business with mail-order firms and alert them to frauds, shady practices and faulty products. We also review mail-order sex products, including those advertised in HUSTLER, not to endorse them but to let you know what you'll be getting for your money. Since we depend on you, the reader, to help us keep the marketplace clean, please write to HUSTLER Mail-Order Feedback, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067, and alert us to any problems you're having.

Besides us, we suggest you complain about your mail-order problems to your local Better Business Bureau, state Attorney General's office or the chief federal authority—the Consumer Advocate Office, U.S. Postal Service, Washington, D.C. 20024.

WRITING A WRONG

One of the satisfactions of doing this column is seeing our efforts turn an angry customer into a happy one. After all, it's our job to provide a service for HUSTLER readers and assist them in their troubles with mail-order dealers. But we've noticed that many readers complain straight to *Mail-Order Feedback* before they even take the time to write to the company they ordered from.

Apart from an obvious rip-off, there are dozens of reasons why merchandise may not arrive the way it's supposed to. These range from the customer scribbling his return address illegibly to the company being temporarily out of stock. Quite often there's simply been a mistake in ordering. An example occurred recently with F. S. from Trenton, New Jersey. He had ordered a *Dirty Movies* videocassette for his Betamax from *Film Collectors Association* (P.O. Box H134, Inglewood, California 90306). When his tape arrived, there was a streak in the picture, and the speed was wrong.

Since *FCA* is one of our Dependable Dealers, we alerted the company to the problem and also called up F. S. to investigate further. Within five minutes we found out that F. S. had just bought a second-hand Betamax Model 7200 cassette machine, which plays only Beta I (one-hour) tapes. When he ordered a *Dirty Movies* cassette, however, he checked the box on the order form marked Beta II (2 hours), a format incompatible with his machine. As soon as *FCA* learned of the problem, it promptly sent F. S.

a Beta I replacement tape. When we checked with him, he had only the highest praise for his tape.

Although we were happy to help solve F. S.'s problem, it's clear that he could have saved himself some bother by writing to *FCA* as soon as he discovered that his tape wasn't working properly. That's why it's important that your first complaint or questions be directed to the company you ordered from. Then, if you don't get an answer or any satisfaction within a couple of weeks, notify the Better Business Bureau, the postal authorities and *Mail-Order Feedback*. In most cases this will save you a lot of time and trouble. And it will have helped to build your case against the company when you finally send your complaint (along with copies of letters, checks, etc.) to us.

INTERWORLD RIP-OFF?

I've been ripped off by Interworld Connection (a.k.a. Interworld Imports and European Connection, 6255 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, California 90028). When I ordered their magazines, it cost me \$5 at first to insure the package's arrival. The package came C.O.D., and I shelled out \$78. But once I saw the kind of junk they'd sent me, I shipped it back, which cost me another \$7. When Interworld Connection refused to refund my money, they had the nerve to tell me to send another \$3 for a reorder if I wanted more of their merchandise as a replacement. Now I'm out \$90, and I don't have a thing to show for it.

—W. M.
Seattle, Washington

Interworld Connection runs color ads showing such magazines as *Swedish Erotica*, *Oral* and other well-known titles, but it ships a cheap line of 1960s soft-core mags called *Pocket Partner*. What's worse, each *Pocket Partner* counts as two magazines in your order.

In the past this column has warned HUSTLER readers to avoid all films and magazines being offered at bargain rates. A \$5 price for a supposedly hard-core magazine is a red flag that it could be junk. But there is no way for an intelligent reader to spot *Interworld Connection* for the questionable outfit it is, because the prices are high enough for hard-core, and the ad specifically designates well-known hard-core magazines.

Now that customers are catching

on to this company, it is expanding from its Sunset Boulevard address—a haven for some heavy-duty rip-off artists. Like fungus, *Interworld* has spread to P.O. Box 35445, Los Angeles, California 90035 and to 2339 Cotner Avenue, Los Angeles, California 90064. (At the latter address it's doing business as *Hotline*.)

Interworld, when contacted, assured us that W. M. would receive his refund, but we'll believe that when we hear it from him. In the meantime we're investigating this company further and will report our findings in a future column.

SUZE'S CENTERFOLD

I just purchased a video recorder, and I'm now buying X-rated feature films. Since I'm crazy about most of HUSTLER's Honeys, can you tell me if any of them have made movies that I can buy on tape?

—L. K.
Beaumont, Texas

You're in luck, L. K. This month's HUSTLER centerfold, *Tipi*, is starring in HUSTLER Contributing Photographer Suze Randall's first feature film, *KOCK ROCK FM-169*, a hard-core spoof of the TV show *WKRP in Cincinnati*. The tape is sold exclusively by *Newave* (P.O. Box 66245, Los Angeles, California 90066) for \$89.95 plus \$3 postage.

NO-FRILLS SMUT

In October's Mail-Order Feedback you mentioned a company that sells 8mm porn movies with high-budget sex scenes but without all the plot development that wastes time and footage. I have a video system, not an 8mm projector. Does this or any other company sell similar short movies on videotape cassettes?

—J. B.
Boaz, West Virginia

Red-Head Video (1201 North Crescent Heights Boulevard, Suite 107, Los Angeles, California 90046) sells a sex-fantasy tape called *Wet Dreams*, which has a minimum of plot and a maximum of masturbation, lesbianism, bondage and discipline, and other sexual strokes. (See the *Bits & Pieces* item "Video Fantasy" on page 20). *Wet Dreams* sells for \$79.95. For more information, call *Red Head's* toll-free number, 800-824-7888. In California the toll-free number is 800-852-7777. With either number ask for Operator 111. ☎

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3. The Penisator! Vibrant thrills the natural way for the both of you. Slide it on, adjust the vibrations and away you both go! Not only is it helpful in producing an erection, it will drive *her* crazy when you have one.



4. The Vibrillator! Use your imagination here. We already know it's perfect for both rectum and clit, but once you have it humming happily away there's no telling what new uses *you* can discover!

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- * Young lesbians sucking and fingering each other's greedy snatch and clits to throbbing cums!
- * Women and their pet animals doing things that will shock you!
- * Sexy young nymphettes toying with and teasing their hard young lovers into cum-spurting climaxing all over their own creamy flesh!
- * Hot thrusting fucking in twosomes, threeways and orgies

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- OR
- 30 assorted magazines only \$48 (you save \$272)
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#94 **DIANA'S DARLING DANE.** Who says animals are dumb? Here's one Great Dane that knows what to do with his tongue and rod when his horny mistress gets playful.

#95 **TORRID INTERVIEW.** Jean wants to model. See what happens when she's interviewed for her "Big Chance". She fucks, sucks and comes back for more and more.

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- ☐ I want to save \$14.70. Send all 6 films for only \$45

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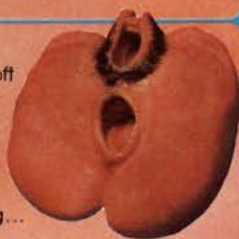


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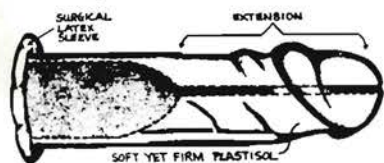
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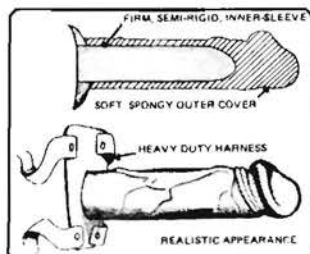
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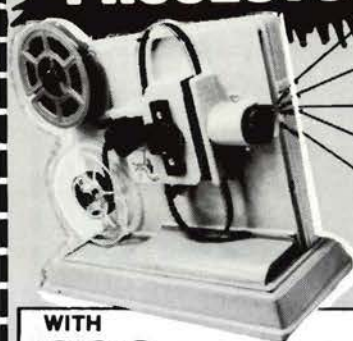
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KILLING TIME

(continued from page 110)

frame house with a green roof. She was about 65, a shapeless lump in a print dress, surrounded by photographs of her earlier days in Paris.

"Zohra told me of your problem," Mrs. Antrobus began, in a French accent that must have been captivating when she was younger. Now her eyes were watery, and her face was blotchy and bloated.

"Can you help me?"

"What do you know of reincarnation?" she asked him.

"Not much. You think my dreams have something to do with another life?"

"Of course."

"But they're always in different time periods. And sometimes I'm a woman."

"Why shouldn't you be? We go where best to learn our lessons."

Mrs. Antrobus closed her eyes and leaned back in her chair. After a while she began to breathe deeply, and then a reedy masculine voice came out of her throat. "I see you on a high mountain—in Egypt, or perhaps Persia... In the background there is a building; a monastery, I think. You are a king, or perhaps a general. You are carrying a sword embossed with gems... A man is riding out of the monastery. He is wearing a brown cassock, and his face is dark and evil... He is very angry with you... He dismounts, and you talk... He begins to shout... Before your guards can protect you, he plunges a knife deep into your heart."

After a moment the medium opened her eyes. "Did anything come through?" she asked Jay.

"Yes. A man's voice."

She nodded contentedly. "Go now. I am very tired."

"Well?" said Zohra that night. "What did Mrs. Antrobus say?"

"Some garbage about reincarnation."

"I thought so."

He got up irritably. "I can believe an incompetent nurse dropped me on my head after I was born. Or perhaps Bagdasarian's right, and I'm still hopelessly in love with my first-grade teacher. Who knows? But what I'm positive about is that it stems from a rational physical cause—not some mythical monastery cooked up by that old charlatan."

She looked at him with black, fragmented eyes. "As you please."

The visions began to come with greater frequency after that. He was in Shumway's office the next morning, going over a first draft for *The Restless Heart*. "The whole story's a no-no," Shumway shrieked. "If I hadn't been on

vacation when the synopsis came through, I'd've canned it then. You simply cannot have an ACLU attorney as the heavy. You know the Old Man's one of their biggest contributors."

Jay was only half-listening. Most of his mind was trying to make sure he didn't go into one of the trances. *What the hell is it all about?* he thought. He left the office without any idea of Shumway's directives, but delighted not to have disgraced himself in front of his boss.

The next incident took place in Gelson's Market. He was at the check-out stand when something sucked him forcibly into the tunnel...

They were on the roof of a tall building. Jay was the architect. The other man had built it. They had been friends since kindergarten. Jay felt a great warmth and sense of comradeship with him. They were discussing the building's vulnerability to earthquakes, standing very close to the edge, below which lay a short, steep-angled roof, then a 200-foot drop. Suddenly Jay stumbled. Instinctively he flung out an arm to steady himself and pushed his companion off balance.

The man went over the edge with a yell and skidded down the roof, managing to grab the gutter, hanging there above the street so far below.

It took Jay a couple of moments to find a rope, hitch it around a chimney and then lower himself slowly down the roof. Just as he was reaching out to grab his friend's hand, the gutter tore away.

In one frozen moment he saw the man's terrified eyes and heard his despairing scream; then his friend's face blurred and became—Kolto's...

He came out of it with a terrible sense of yearning regret. He had really loved that man, and the guilt lay in the pit of his stomach like a rock. Leaving the market, he drove immediately to Silverlake. A gray-haired man opened the door with a vacant smile and showed him into what Jay was sure they called the parlor. Mrs. Antrobus was dozing in her chair, but as he sat down, she awoke and focused her bright eyes on him.

He told her about the latest experience. She listened attentively, with a solemn face. "What you just saw was your last life. The builder was your eternal enemy—Kolto, you call him—"

"But he was my friend. I loved him." He leaned his head back, closing his eyes, trying to shut out the remembered pain. "I can still feel the terrible sense of grief and loss."

"Karma is a law that governs these things relentlessly. As you sow, so shall you reap. Love and hate are the opposite

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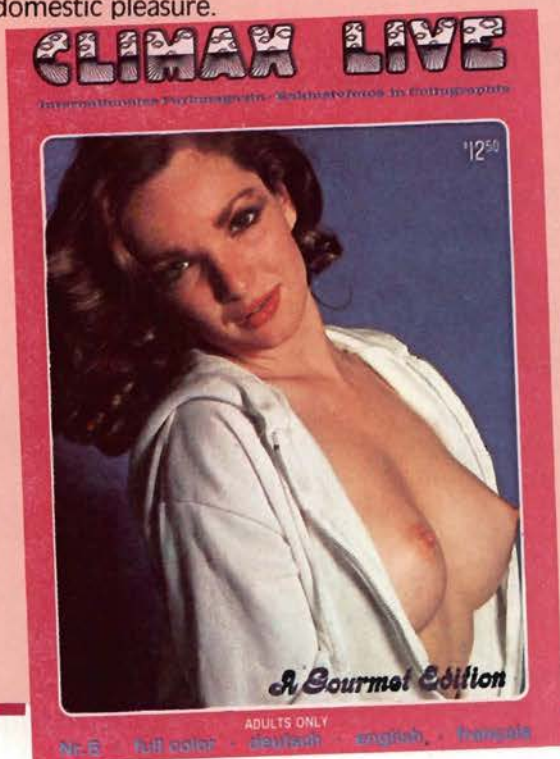
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sides of a coin, binding us together through eternity. Who knows by what tortured paths you became friends for that one life? The point is, you were responsible for his death. Whether you were repaying him for doing the same to you, or starting a new cycle, we cannot know."

He looked at her with a haggard face. "How will it end? How can I stop this terrible round of . . . killing?!"

"If you have the opportunity to kill him, but you refrain—out of love and compassion. Only love conquers karma."

He was still feeling the dull ache of regret when he drove Zohra to Angelino's in Malibu that night. He infinitely preferred killing Kolto as an enemy to feeling responsible for his death as a friend. Perhaps it was a subtle way that karma worked—to make him suffer more?

He had been too shaken by the vision to tell Zohra. But she sensed his despair and set herself out to be enchanting. By the time they reached the dessert, he was feeling better. Bill Treapy, the producer of *Coffin*, came in with his wife and stopped at their table. After the introductions he said, "What's all this about changing the title?"

"It came down from New York. They're worried it'll offend morticians."

"We were number ten last week, with a 35 share of the audience. You sure they want to fuck with that?"

"Evidently."

"It'll mean a new main title. We'll have to tear the special effects out of Coffin's costumes and redo the lighting circuits. Then there's his office sign. It's gonna cost you even if the studio agrees, which I doubt."

He was half-expecting Zohra to chime in with some of her usual anti-network cracks, but she kept quiet. She was softer and more relaxed than ever before. They'd had several vodka martinis at his place and two bottles of the house wine over the meal, but he'd seen her drink twice that much without losing her bite.

"Feeling pretty good, huh?" He touched her hand across the table.

She gave a sleek smile. "I wrote my husband about you."

"Your what?"

"Didn't I tell you I was married? Sorry. It's nothing to worry about. He's one of them."

He, it turned out, was a French flutist having a hard time getting permanent-residence status. She'd taken pity on him; besides, it gave her some protection against guys on the make. "I asked him for a divorce."

Jay swallowed. He hadn't been expecting this from her.

"What's the matter?" she asked. "Are you angry because I'm proposing?"

"I didn't think you were the kind of woman who gave a damn about that piece of paper."

"I never did before . . . hence the fag."

He grabbed both her hands in his. "I've had a helluva day. My job is bullshit. My head is clearly not on straight. But all that goes for nothing because I've had the damndest luck to find you—a crazy, impulsive, lovable lunatic."

He dragged her up from the table. "I'm going to do two things tomorrow—get the marriage license, and tell Shumway to shove it. In that order."

As they climbed into Jay's MG, he said, "Any more shocks like the last one up your sleeve?"

She leered back. "I certainly hope so!"

It was a balmy night. The hood was down, and he enjoyed the soft ocean breeze on his face. When they came to a light a few miles up the coast, she clutched his arm. "Turn right," she said. "I have a yearning to have you in the hills, as they say in the women's magazines."

They found a bluff overlooking the bay and lay together on the sandy soil. He undressed her slowly, reveling again in the superbly sculptured breasts, the flat ivory stomach and the captivating

triangle of hair. Stimulated by her admiration of his acrobatic talents in bed, he'd fallen into a routine of semi-rape she seemed to enjoy. But now he felt only great warmth and tenderness toward her.

Seeming to respond to his mood, she stretched out, purring like a cat under his caresses. He teased her body with his erect penis, letting it wander around her nipples, across her taut stomach and down to her thighs. As she reached for it, moaning, he tantalized her by pulling it away. Then he moved his mouth closer to Zohra's face, turning her head and breathing softly into the exposed ear before exploring it gently with his tongue. She wriggled beneath him, head back, eyes closed, muttering his name.

As before, her musky odor acted on him like an aphrodisiac. Moving his tongue eagerly, he licked his way down her neck, across her shoulders and over her breasts before arriving at her belly button and entering it with a series of quick, darting explorations. Then he buried his face in the mound of fur below, until by her movements he knew she was ready. This time he entered her without any *ride-em-cowboy* antics; he felt their bodies merge together in a series of fluid convulsions, climaxing in a wave not only of passion but of closeness and love.

Afterward she sat up. "That was

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FDA does not recognize any drug or substance as an effective aphrodisiac or sexual stimulant. Sold as novelties only!

Imagine... a BLOW JOB any time you desire!

Just close your eyes and make believe it's the girl you'd most like to have wrap her slithering tongue around the part of you that appreciates it most—sucking in her cheeks, pressing with her lips, teasing with her teeth, humming with her throat

Now You Can Have It Any Time You Wish!

And at a price less than half what you'd expect! It's no secret. The FELLATRIX-G is a knock-off! The original was invented by a competitor of ours. He charges \$24.95. By using computer technology we've learned to make the same kind of device for less than half. So now if you'd like to have that oral loving feeling any time you feel like it, you need not pay \$24.95, because we charge only

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Please send _____ FELLATRIX-Gs @ \$9.95 ea \$ _____
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In California add 6% sales tax _____ \$ _____
Add \$1.00 for postage & packaging _____ \$ 1.00
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Deluxe FELLATRIX-G...\$9.95
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Tube of Lubri-Gel
(Like Warm Saliva)...\$2 ex.

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If you've been reluctant to purchase sexual aids through the mail, the Xandria Collection would like to offer you two things that may change your mind:

1. A guarantee
2. Another guarantee

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Your name will never (never) be used for additional mailings or solicitations. Nor will it be sold or given to any other company. And everything we ship to you is plainly packaged, securely wrapped, without the slightest indication of its contents on the outside.

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What is the Xandria Collection?

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If you're prepared to intensify your own sexual pleasure, then by all means send for the Xandria Collection catalogue. It is priced at just three dollars which is applied in full to your first order.

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Signed _____
Xandria, 115 Wisconsin St., San Francisco

beautiful—but I've got sand in every opening, including my ears."

"Let's wash it out in the ocean."

"Terrific idea!"

Still feeling the rush of all the wine and vodka, Zohra got up unsteadily and scampered ahead of him back to the car.

He followed her, panting. "Can you handle a stick shift?"

"Watch me!" Zohra cried, starting the engine.

She slammed the MG into gear with a tearing screech. The car shot backward like a rocket. When she finally stopped it, they sat and laughed, but she wouldn't relinquish her place in the driver's seat. "I'm not one of your passive women who knit socks. I like action!"

The car lunged forward, narrowly missing an old Buick wheezing up from below. Jay only began to feel scared when she took the first bend too fast, and the back end veered in a circle. By now the car was out of control, and there was nothing he could do. As if in slow motion he saw it curve around and slam into a boulder. The impact jerked his neck back sharply. But the feeling of floating as he was thrown out was almost pleasant.

He landed heavily on the slope beside the road and slid a few feet into a bush. He'd hit his head when he landed, but he felt no pain. In fact, he felt pretty good. He'd finally found a woman he could love and who loved him. What did a little wreck count against that?

She came sliding down the hill, dead sober now, with wide, frightened eyes. She clutched him desperately. "My darling, are you badly hurt? I'm so sorry."

He tried to tell her he was all right, but for some reason she couldn't hear him. She hugged him, rocking back and forth, making a thin, high wailing sound.

"I love you, Zohra," he said. "I love you more than any woman I've ever known."

He felt himself being sucked into that tunnel. He saw her as if through the barrel of a gun, framed in a circle of light. Suddenly the fabric of her face began to dissolve and reform as—Kolto!

All the aching regret he'd felt since the dream of his last life was added to the bitter realization of what he'd lost in this one. He tried to claw his way back up the tunnel toward her, but the pull was too great. He wanted to explain that maybe next time they could wipe the slate clean and start over, but he couldn't reach her.

He felt himself being drawn into a vortex that began turning faster and faster, while her moaning cries became fainter and fainter until they died away entirely. . . .

REALISTIC, LOVABLE LIFE SIZE DOLLS!!

Angie

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EITHER WAY, SHE'S THE MOST SATISFYING
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\$24⁹⁵

SHE'S ALWAYS HOT
TO TROT.



FIRM, DETAILED BREASTS WITH PERKY NIPPLES



Angie has breasts that are firm and exciting to touch. Not huge, but bigger than you'd expect on such a sweet young thing. Her nipples are perky and hard, and they stick out under a T-shirt. The temptation to reach out and make them your own will be irresistible.

7" DEEP VAGINA WITH 'VIRGIN' OPTION

When it's time to plunge into her waiting womanhood you'll be amazed at the lifelike sensation you'll experience. It's the most exciting seven inches of warm womanflesh you've ever imagined. If you buy the virgin option, Angie will be "tight" and resistant, yet soft and wet. And, unlike other girls, Angie can be a virgin for you over and over again...or you can remove the virgin insert and make her an experienced woman.

VOICE OPTION...SHE LOVES TO TALK DIRTY



Angie's not bashful, and when she gets her rocks off she likes to let you know. Hear her moan in the ecstasy of repeated climax. Listen to her whisper tender phrases like, "Kiss me, kiss me!" or "Do it harder!" It's the extra touch that can bring your fantasies to life, and only Angie has it.

FOAM FILLED - A totally new concept. Angie is fitted with hidden zippers where you pack her tight with resilient, weight-supporting foam (included). More expensive, but wow! Limbs & torso feel solid; love openings hug your manhood; when you press her she yields just enough, resists just enough. For easy storage, a small amount of foam can be removed and Angie can be folded over in a closet.

AIR FILLED - The famous love doll concept, now with improved construction. Easy-Flo air fittings and newly designed love parts that are so realistic you'll swear they're the real thing. Both foam and air models have soft, human-like skin that warms to your touch. You'll love either one.



FOAM FILLED

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EASY TO DO

\$34⁹⁵

**DEEP THROAT
& DEEP ASS
FOR GENUINE
FRENCH AND
GREEK ACTION**

For those who delight in the unusual, Angie is happy to take it any way you want to give it to her. She was born with a taste for French, and her tight little ass completes the package.

BUYER BEWARE!!

Angie's prices are as low as they can be and still show a profit. There may be cheaper dolls around, but cheaper in price translates to cheaper in quality. Some so called "foam" models are not foam at all, but filled with a gas that quickly leaks out. Other dolls are good for nothing more than looking at. But Angie is guaranteed to be exactly as advertised...a genuine life size (5'1") inflatable or foam filled doll with three functional love openings.



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(Check items desired, add up amounts, fill in total.)

- | | |
|---|---------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Inflatable Angie Doll | \$24.95 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Foam Filled Angie Doll | \$34.95 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Virgin Vagina Insert Option | \$10.00 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Soft Sexy Voice Option | \$10.00 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Bikini Set (You'll love taking it off.) | \$10.00 |
| Extra Wigs, \$10 each. <input type="checkbox"/> Blonde <input type="checkbox"/> Black | |
| (Angie's regular hair is brunette.) | |

TOTAL \$ _____

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☐ Cash ☐ Check In Calif. add 6% tax \$ _____

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☐ Here's a \$10 deposit. Send COD. I'll pay balance, plus \$3 in COD fees, to postman. (No CODs outside USA or to military bases.)

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No one wakes up thinking, "Today I'm going to abuse my child!"

Abuse is not something we think about, it's something we do. It runs against our nature, yet it comes naturally. It's a major epidemic, and a contagious one. Abused children often become abusive parents. Abuse perpetuates abuse.

Child abuse is a major cause of death for children under two. Last year in America, an estimated one million children suffered from abuse and neglect and at least 2,000 died needless, painful deaths.

What's being done about prevention? Not enough. Preventive facilities are simply inadequate. Most social agencies deal with abusers and their victims after the damage has been done.

Yet child abuse doesn't have to happen. With enough volunteers, local child abuse prevention programs such as crisis centers, self-help therapy programs for abusers, and other facilities could be formed to aid parents and children. With your help, eighty percent of all abusers could be reached. Please. Write for more information on child abuse and how you can help.

What will you do today that's more important?

A Public Service of This Magazine
& The Advertising Council



We need your help. Write:



National Committee for Prevention of Child Abuse, Box 2866, Chicago, Illinois 60690

HARE KRISHNAS

(continued from page 54)


out of this country to heavens overseas.

The experience of Richard Willis is further example of flagrant Krishna wheeling-and-dealing that has sparked police investigations. Willis owned and operated Delphi Auto Designs, a financially troubled car-customizing firm located in Newport Beach. (Coincidentally, one of his past employees was Steven Bovan.) Willis was wondering how to keep from going bankrupt when a friend arranged a meeting with Krishna officials. Robert Joseph Shea, a director of Prasadam Distributing, invited Willis to a full-scale Krishna religious service and feast at the Laguna temple. That same night in December 1976, Willis accepted Shea's \$25,000 offer for a half-interest in his faltering business.

Over the next six months Willis's new partners—the Krishnas—poured almost \$250,000 into Delphi as so-called "loans." Approximately \$200,000 of that sum came packaged in plastic sandwich bags. The Krishnas were apparently using Delphi to launder money obtained illegally.

The alarming number of these and other transgressions have recently accounted for the resignations of many of the men and women who were in the forefront of the Krishna movement from its beginnings. Simultaneous devotion to both the dollar and Lord Krishna is difficult enough for them to swallow. The transition from Gandhi-like pacifism to training in the use of arms and stockpiling of weapons is even tougher to bear. The Krishnas' escalating preoccupation with violence has also prompted increased police scrutiny in California and other states.

"For years they have pretended to be a peace-loving group that was only concerned about their religion," said Lieutenant Jeff Markham, an investigator for the Lake County (California) Sheriff's Department. "But recent events have shown me that they are not what they pretend to be. I don't believe they're going to come down on a town, armed to the teeth, and start attacking people. But on the other hand, what legitimate religious organization do you know that keeps an arsenal?"

"I'm sure that some who join are sincere about this religion," Markham continued. "But I also think that the hierarchy of the group has some other motives. They'll do whatever it takes to make money, whether it be robbery or selling dope or whatever. They are quite heavily involved in criminal activities. Some of them are very dangerous people." 

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NEXT MONTH

January issue on sale November 25, 1980



JENNIFER

GUN CONTROL—The Constitution provides for every American's right to bear arms. Yet last year more than 100 police officers and 27,000 people were killed by handguns. Will gun-control legislation save lives or is it just one more infringement of our rights? A three-man panel discusses this explosive issue.

ANNUAL GUIDE TO MEN'S MAGAZINES—Every year, HUSTLER publishes unbiased, uncensored appraisals of the leading men's magazines, exposing itself and others to criticism and praise. Garrett Morris of *Saturday Night Live*, rock musician/composer John Mayall and *Screw*'s Al Goldstein are three previous guest reviewers. As always, this year's commentator is somebody really big.

ALAN ABEL—This premier prankster once convinced many New Yorkers that Reggie Jackson was running for governor—without the baseball star's knowledge, of course. And

Abel managed to get his own obituary published in the *New York Times*, even though he's very much alive. Profile by Doug Garr.

BEYOND FOREVER—A vacation spent shooting the Grand Canyon rapids turns into a nightmare for a happily married couple. Can their passion be strong enough to defy the boundary between life and death? Fiction excerpted from J. Bradford Olesker's latest novel, *Beyond Forever*.

ROBYN DOUGLASS NUDE!—Another HUSTLER celebrity-exclusive shows why this actress's career is on the rise. You may have seen her in *Galactica 1980* or in the hit film *Breaking Away*. But even if you've missed Robyn's performances, be sure to catch her HUSTLER debut next month.

PHOTO-FEATURES—You'll be tempted to hop on the next flight to France when you see **JENNIFER: AMERICAN IN PARIS**, our January centerfold. A repairman is in for a

big surprise when he meets a dominating lass and her canine companion in **DOG DAY AFTERNOON**. In the locker room **TOMMI: READY TO SERVE** shares her steamy warm-up secrets, and **SALLY: LONG AND TALL** goes to great lengths to provide some holiday cheer.

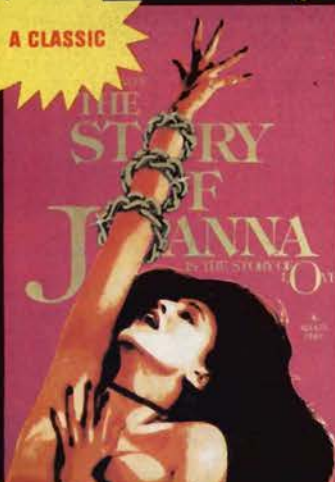
PLUS—A juicy January lineup that includes **BITS & PIECES**, **ADVISE & CONSENT**, **HUSTLER HUMOR**, **KINKY KORNER**, **SEX PLAY**, **BEAVER HUNT** and **HONEY**.



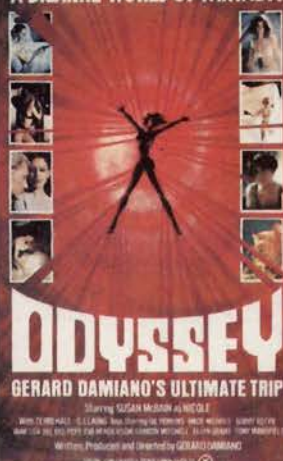
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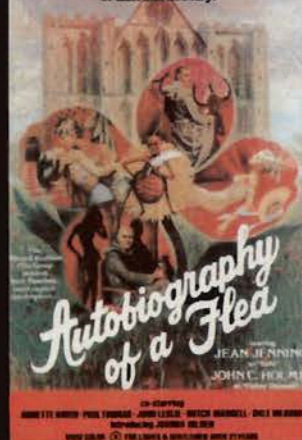
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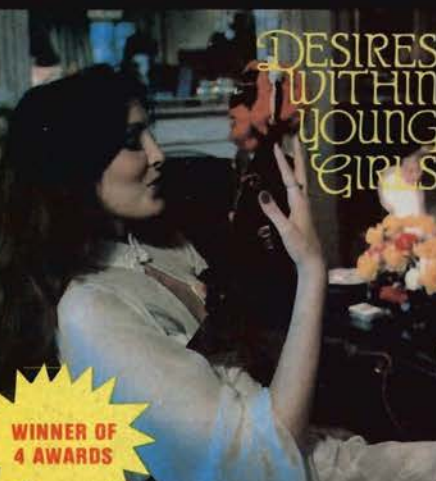
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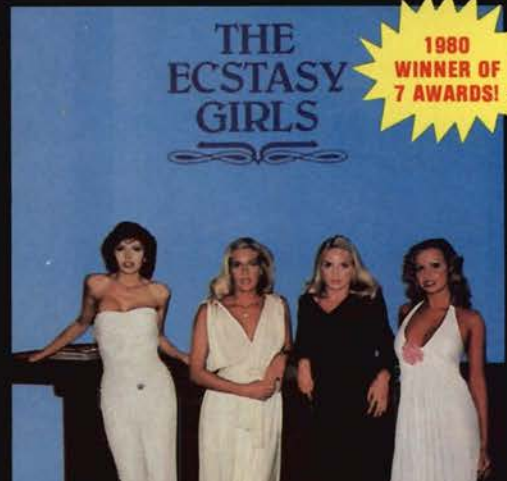
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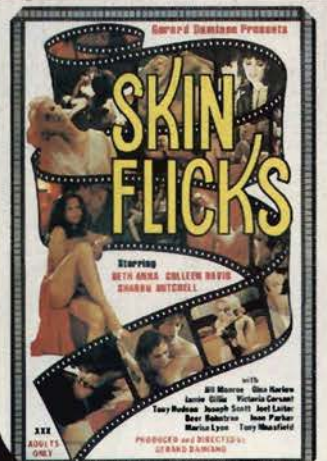
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